Lingua:

OR THE COMBAT OF The Tongue, AND THE Five SENSES FOR SUPERIORITY.

A pleaſant Comœdy.

London, Printed for *Simon Miller*, at the Starre in St *Pauls* Church yard. 1657.

LINGUA.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Lingua. ——— { Comœdus.
Auditus. ——— { Tragœdus.

Mendacio, Lingua his Page.

Tactus. ——— { Odor
Olfactus. ——— { Tobacco.

Viſus. ——— { Lumen.
{ Cœlum.
{ Terra.
{ Heraldry.
{ Color.

Guſtus. ——— { Bacchus.
{ Ceres.
{ Beere.

Appetitus a Paraſite.
Phantastes.
Heuresis, Phantastes his Page.
Crapula, Guſtus his Follower.
Communis Sensus.
Memoria.
Anamnestes, Memorie his Page.
Somnus.

Perſona quarum mentio tantum fit. { Psence.
{ Arcasia.
{ Veritas.
{ Oblivio.

The Scene is Microcosmus in a Grove.
The Time, from Morning till night.

Prologue.

Our Muſe *deſcribes no Lovers paſſion,*
No wretched Father, *no unthrifty* Son:
No craving ſubtile Whore, *or ſhameleſs Bawd,*
Nor ſtubborn Clown, *or daring* Paraſite,
No lying Servant, *or bold* Sycophant.
We are not wanton, or Satyricall.
Theſe have their time and places fit, but we
Sad hours, and ſerious ſtudies, to reprive,
Have taught ſevere Philoſophy *to ſmile.*
The Senſes *raſh contentions we compoſe,*
And give diſpleas'd ambitious TONGUE *her due:*
Here's all Judicious friends; accept what is not ill,
Who are not ſuch, let them do what they will.

Actus

Actus I. Scena I.

LINGUA, *apparelled in a Crimſon Sattin gown, a Dreſſing of White Roſes, a little Skean tyed in a purple Skarf, a pair of red Buskins drawn with white Ribband, ſilk garters, gloves,* &c.

AUDITUS, *in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with red and white Roſes upon a falſe hayr, a cloath of Silver Mantle upon a pair of Sattin Baſes, wrought ſleeves, Buskins, Gloves,* &c.

LINGUA. AUDITUS.

LING. NAy good *Auditus* do but hear me ſpeak.
AUD. *Lingua* thou ſtrik'ſt too much upon one ſtring,
Thy tedious plain-ſong grates my tender ears.
LING. 'Tis plain indeed, for Truth no deſcant needs,
Une's her name, ſhe cannot be divided. (whence
AUD. O but the ground it ſelf is nought, from
Thou canſt not reliſh out a good diviſion:
Therefore at length ſurceaſe, prove not ſtark mad,
Hopeleſſe to proſecute a hapleſſe ſute:
For though (perchance) thy firſt ſtrains pleaſing are,
I dare ingage mine ears, the cloze will jarre.
LING. If then your confidence eſteem my cauſe,
To be ſo frivolous and weakly wrought:
Why do you daily ſubtile plots deviſe,

To ſtop me from the ears of common Senſe,
Whom ſince our great Queen *Pſyche* hath ordain'd,
For his ſound wiſdome, our Vice-governour,
To him, and to his two ſo wiſe aſſiſtants,
Nimble *Phantaſies*, and firm *Memorie*:
My ſelf and cauſe, I humbly do commit,
Let them but hear and judg, I wiſh no more.

AUD. Should they but know thy raſh preſumption,
They would correct it in the ſharpeſt ſort:
Good *Jove* what Senſe haſt thou to be a Senſe;
Since from the firſt foundation of the world,
We never were accounted more then five;
Yet you forſooth, an idle prating Dame,
Would fain increaſe the number, and up-ſtart
To our high ſeats, decking your babling ſelf
With uſurpt Titles of our dignity.

LING. An idle prating dame? know fond *Audimi*,
Records affirm my title full as good,
As his amongſt the five is counted beſt.

AUD *Lingua* confeſs the truth, th'art wont to lie,

LING. I ſay ſo too, therefore I do not lye,
But now ſpite of you all I ſpeak the truth.
You five among us ſubjects tyrannize,
Making the ſacred name of common Senſe,
A cloak to cover your enormities:
Hee bears the rule, hee's judg, but judgeth ſtill,
As hee's informed by your falſe evidence:
So that a plaintiff cannot have acceſs,
But through your gates he hears but what, nought els

But

But that thy crafty ears to him conveys,
And all he sees is by proud *Visus* shewed him:
And what he touches is by *Tactus* hand,
And smels I know but through *Olfactus* nose,
Gustus begins to him what ere he tastes:
By these quaint tricks free passage hath been barr'd
That I could never equally be heard.
But well, 'tis well.

AUD. *Lingua* thy feeble sex,
Hath hitherto with-held my ready hands
That long'd to pluck that nimble instrument.

LING. O horrible ingratitude? that thou
That thou of all the rest should'st threaten me:
Who by my means conceiv'st as many tongues,
As *Neptune* closeth Lands betwixt his armes:
The ancient *Hebrew* clad with mysteres,
The learned *Greek* rich in fit Epithetes,
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words,
The *Chaldee* Wise, the *Arabian* Physicall,
The *Romane* Eloquent, the *Tuscane* Grave,
The Braving *Spanish*, and the smooth tong'd *French*,
These pretious Iewels that adorn thine ears,
All from my mouthes rich Cabbinet are stolne,
How oft hast thou been chain'd unto my tongue,
Hang'd at my lips and ravisht with my words,
So that a speech fair fetcher'd could not flie:
But thy ears pit-fall caught it instantly,
But now O Heavens!

AUD. O Heavens, thou wrong'st me much,

Thou wrong'ſt me much thus falſly to upbraid me:
Had not I granted thee the uſe of hearing,
That ſharp edg'd tongue whetted againſt her maſter,
Thoſe puffing lungs, thoſe teeth, thoſe dropſie lips,
That ſcalding throat, thoſe noſthrils full of ire:
Thy palate proper inſtruments of ſpeech,
Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
Uttring nought elſe but idle ſtiflements,
Tunes without ſenſe, words inarticulate:
Had ne're been able t'have abus'd me thus.
Words are thy Children, but of my begetting.

LING. Perfidious Liar, how can I endure thee?
Cal'ſt my unſpotted chaſtity in Queſtion:
O could I uſe the Breath mine anger ſpends,
I'de make thee know.

AUD. Heaven look on my diſtreſſe,
Defend me from this railing viperesſe:
For if I ſtay her words, ſharp vinegar
Will fret me through, *Lingua* I muſt be gone:
I hear one call me more then earneſtly. *Exit Auditus.*

LING. Nay the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
Screeking of Wolves, houling of tortur'd Ghoſts,
Purſue thee ſtill, and fill thy amazed ears
With cold aſtoniſhment and horrid fears:
O how theſe ſenſes muffle common ſenſe:
And more, and more with pleaſing objects ſtrive,
To dull his judgement, and pervert his will
To their be-heſts, who were he not ſo wrapt
I' the dusky clouds of their dark policies,

Would

Would never ſuffer right to ſuffer wrong:
Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate?
Art not a woman, doſt not love revenge?
Delightfull ſpeeches, ſweet perſwaſions
I have this long time us'd to get my right,
My right that is to make the Senſes ſix;
And have both name and power with the reſt.
Oft have I ſeaſoned ſavory periods,
With ſugred words, to delude *Guſtus* taſte,
And oft embelisht my entreative phraſe
With ſmelling flowers of vernant Rhetorique,
Limming and flaſhing it with various Dyes,
To draw proud *Viſus* to me by the eyes:
And oft perfum'd my petitory ſtyle,
With Civet-ſpeech, t' entrap *Olfactus* Noſe,
And clad my ſelf in Silken Eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
But all's become loſt labour, and my cauſe
Is ſtill procraſtinated; therefore now,
Hence ye baſe off-ſpring of a broken minde,
Supple intreaties and ſmooth flatteries:
Go kiſſe the love-ſick lips of puling Guls,
That ſtill their Brain to quench their loves diſdain;
Go guild the tongues of Bawds and Paraſites,
Come not within my thoughts; But thou Deceipt,
Break up the pleaſure of my Brim-full breſt,
Enrich my minde with ſubtile policies.
Well then Ile go, whither? nay, what know I?
And do, in faith I will, the devil knows what,

What

What if I set them all at variance,
And so obtein to speak, it must be so.
It must be so, but how? there lyes the point:
How? thus: tut this device will never prove,
Augment it so, 'twill be too soon descri'd,
Or so, nor so 'tis too too dangerous.
Pish, none of these, what if I take this course? ha?
Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent.
He that will catch Eels must disturb the floud,
The Chicken's hatcht i'faith; for they are proud,
And soon will take a cause of disagreement.

ACTUS 1. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, *attired in a Taffata suit of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary Page, Gloves, Hamper.*

LINGUA. MENDACIO.

LING. I see the heavens nurse my new-born device,
For loe my Page *Mendacio* comes already,
To file and burnish that I hammer'd out,
Never in better time *Mendacio*,
What? hast thou done?
MEN. Done, yes long agoe.
LING. Is't possible thou should'st dispatch so soon?
MEN. Madame, I had no sooner told
Tactus, that *Gustus* would fain speak with him:
But I spied *Visus*, *Gustus* and the rest,

And

And ſerved them all with ſauce of ſeverall lyes,
Now the laſt Senſe I ſpake with was *Olfactus*,
Who having ſmelt the meaning of my meſſage,
Straight blew his noſe, and quickly puſt me hither;
But in the whirl-winde of his furious blaſt,
Had not by chance a Cobweb held me faſt,
Mendacio had been with you long ere this.

LING. Witneſs this lye, *Mendacio's* with me now,
But ſirra out of jeſting will they come?

MEND. Yes and it like your Ladyſhip preſently;
Here may you have me preſt to flatter them.

LING. I'le flatter no ſuch proud Companions.
'Twill do no good, therefore I am determined
To leave ſuch baſeneſs.

MEN. Then ſhall I turn and bid them ſtay at home.

LING. No, for their coming hither to this grove,
Shall be a means to further my device;
Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* go preſently,
Run you vile Ape.

MEN. Whither?

LING. What? doſt thou ſtand?

MEN. Till I know what to doe.

LING. S. precious 'tis true,
So might thou finely out-run thine errand.
Haſt to my Cheſt.

MEN. I, I.

LING. There ſhalt thou find,
A gorgeous Robe, and golden Coronet,
Convey them hither nimbly, let none ſee them.

MEN.

MEN. Madam, I fly, I fly. *Exit Mendacio.*
LING. But here you ſirra?
Lock up your fellow Servant, *Veritas.*
MEND. I warrant you,
You need not fear, ſo long as I am with you.
He goes out, and comes in preſently.
What colour is the Robe?
LING. There is but one. *Mendacio going, turns*
MEN. The Key Madam, the Key. *(in haſt.*
LING. By *Juno* how forgetfull is ſudden ſpeed.
Here take it, Runne.
MEN. Ile be here inſtantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

ACT. 1. SCEN. 3.

LINGUA *Sola.*

LING. Whilome this Crown and gorgious orna- (ment,
Were the great prize, for which five Orators,
With the ſharp weapons of their tongues contended:
But all their ſpeeches were ſo equal wrought,
And a-like gracious, that if his were witty
His was as wiſe; the thirds fair eloquence
Did paralell the fourths firm gravity,
The laſts good geſture kept the Balance even
With all the reſt, ſo that the ſharpeſt eye,
And moſt judicious cenſor could not judge
To whom the hanging victory ſhould fall,
Therefore with one conſent they all agreed,

To

To offer up both Crown and Robe to me,
As the chief patroneſſe of their profeſſion,
Which heretofore I holily have kept,
Like to a miſers gold, to look on onely.
But now Ile put them to a better uſe,
And venture both in hope to ———

ACT. 1. SCEN. 4.

MENDACIO. LINGUA.

MEND. Have not I hied me Madam? look you here,
What ſhall be done with theſe temptations?

LING. They ſay a golden Ball,
Bred enmity betwixt three Goddeſſes,
So ſhall this Crown be author of debate,
Betwixt five Senſes.

MEND. Where ſhall it be laid?

LING. There, there, there, 'tis well, ſo, ſo, ſo.

MEND. A Crown's a pleaſing bait to look upon,
The craftieſt Fox will hardly ſcape this trap.

LING. Come let us away, & leave it to the chance.

MEND Nay rather let me ſtand cloſe here-abouts,
And ſee the event.

LING. Do ſo, and if they doubt
How it came there, fain them ſome pritty fable,
How that ſome God ———

MEND. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that have fained ſo many hundred Gods,
Can eaſily forge ſome fable for the turn:

Whilſt

Whilſt Madame, away, away, you fright the Fowl,
Tactus comes hard by, look you.

LING. Is't he for certain?

MEND. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he.

LING. 'Tis he indeed *Exit* Lingua.

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

TACTUS, *in a dark coloured Sattin mantle over a pair of ſilk Baſis, a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roſes, upon a black Grogram, a Faulchion, wrought ſleeves, Buſkins, &c.*

MENDACIO. TACTUS.

MEN. Now chaſt *Diana* grant my Nets to hold!

TACT. The blaſting Childhood of the cheerful morn
Is almoſt grown a youth and over-climbes
Yonder gilt Eaſtern hills, about which time,
Juſtus moſt earneſtly importuned me,
To meet him here abouts, what cauſe I know not.

MEN. You ſhall do ſhortly to your coſt I hope.

TACT. Sure by the Sunne it ſhould be Nine a clock.

MEN. What a Star-gazer, will you here look down?

TACT. Cleer is the Sunne and blew the Firmament,
Me thinks the Heavens do ſmile. *Tactus Sneezeth.*

——— MEN. At thy miſhap.
To look ſo high and ſtumble in a trap.

Tactus ſtumbleth at the Robe and Crown,

TAC.

TAC. High thoughts have slippry feet, I had well nie
MEN. Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall. (faln.
TACT. What's this!
MEN. O are you taken, 'tis in vain to strive.
TACT. How now!
MEN. You'l be so entangled straight.
TACT. A Crown!
MEN. That it will be heard.
TACT. And a Robe!
MEN. To lose your self.
TACT. A Crown and a Robe.
MEN. It had been fitter for you, to have found a Fools Coate and a Bable, hey, hey.
TAC. *Jupiter*, *Jupiter* how came this here?
MEN. O Sir *Jupiter* is making Thunder, he hears you not, here's one knowes better.
TAC. 'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so, ho,
Do I not sleep and dream of this good luck, ha?
No I am awake and feel it now
Whose should it be? *He takes it up.*
MEN. Set up a *Si quis* for it.
TAC. *Mercury*, All's mine own, here's none to cry half's mine.
MEN. When I am gone.

Exit Mendacio.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 6.

TACTUS *solus.*

TACT. *Tactus* thy sneezing somewhat did portend,
Was ever man so fortunate as I?
To break his shinnes at such a stumbling Block.
Roses and Baies pack hence: this Crown and Robe,
My Brows and Body circles and invests.
How gallantly it fits me, sure the slave,
Measur'd my head that wrought this Coronet.
They lie that say Complexions cannot change:
My Blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd,
Unto the sacred temper of a King:
Methink I here my noble Parasites
Styling me *Cæsar*, or great *Alexander*,
Licking my feet, and wondring where I got
This pretious oyntment: how my pace is mended,
How Princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten:
Peasants Ile curb your head-strong impudence:
And make you tremble when the Lion roars,
Yea earth-bred worms, O for a looking glasse:
Poets will write whole Volumes of this Change:
Where's my attendants? Come hither Sirra quickly,
Or by the wings of *Hermes*.———

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

OLFACTUS, *in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with White and red Roſes upon a falſe hair, his ſleeves wrought with flowers under a Damaſke mantle over a pair of ſilk Baſes, a pair of Buskins drawn with riband, a flower in his hand.*

TACTUS. OLFACTUS.

TACT. Ay me *Olfactus* comes, I cal'd too ſoon,
Hee'l have half part I fear, what ſhall I do?
Where ſhall I run? how ſhall I ſhift him off?
Tactus wraps up the Robe and Crown, and ſits upon them.

OLF. This is the time and this the place appointed,
Where *Viſus* promis'd to conferre with me.
I think he's there —— No, no, 'tis *Tactus* ſure.
How now? What makes you ſit ſo nicely?

TACT. It's paſt imagination, it's ſo indeed.

OLF How faſt his deeds are fixed, and how melancholly he looks. *Tactus, Tactus.*

TACT. For this is true Mans life is wondrous brittle.

OLF. He's mad I think, he talks ſo idlely, ſo ho, *Tactus.*

TACT. And many have been metamorphoſed,
To ſtranger matters and more uncouth forms.

OLF. I muſt go nearer him, he doth not hear.

TACT. And yet methinks, I ſpeak as I was wont.
And ——

OLF. *Tactus, Tactus.*

TACT. *Olfactus* as thou loveſt come not near me,

OLF. Why? art thou hatching eggs th'art feard to breake them?

TACT. Touch me not leſt thou chance to break my life.

OLF. What's this under thee?

TACT. If thou meddle with me I am utterly undone.

OLF. Why man, what ayls thee?

TACT. Let me alone and Ile tell thee,
Lately I came from fine *Fantaſtes* houſe.

OLF. So I beleeve for th'art very fooliſh.

TACT. No ſooner had I parted out of doors,
But up I held my hands before my face:
To ſhield mine eyes from th'lights piercing beams,
When I proteſt I ſaw the Sun as clear,
Through theſe my palms, as through a proſpective:
No marvel, for when I beheld my fingers,
I ſaw my fingers near transform'd to glaſſe,
Opening my Breaſt, my Breaſt was like a window,
Through which I plainly did perceive my heart:
In whoſe two Concaves I diſcern'd my thoughts,
Confus'ly lodged in great multitudes.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Momus himſelf can find no fault with thee,
Thou'ſt make a paſſing live *Anatomy*.
And decide the Queſtion much diſputed,
Betwixt the *Galeniſts* and *Ariſtotle*.

TACT. But when I had ariv'd and ſet me down,
Viewing my ſelf, my ſelf ay me was changed.

As thou now seest to a perfect Urinal.

Olf. T'a perfect Urinal, O monstrous, monstrous, art not mad to think so?

Tact. I do not think so, but I say I am so;
Therefore *Olfactus* come not near I advise you.

Olf. See the strange working of dull melancholly;
Whose drossie drying the feeble Brain,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the Intellect.
And in the souls fair table falsly graves,
Whole squadrons of phantastical *Chimera's*,
And thousand vain imaginations:
Making some think their heads as big as horses,
Some that th'ar dead, some that th'ar turnd to Wolves:
As now it makes him think himself all glasse,
Tactus disswade thy self, thou dost but think so.

Tact. *Olfactus* if thou lovest me get thee gone,
I am an Urinal I dare not stirre,
For fear of cracking in the Bottome.

Olf. Wilt thou sit thus all day?

Tact. Unlesse thou help me.

Olf. Bedlam must help thee, what wouldst have me (do?

Tact. Go to the City make a Case fit for me:
Stuff it with wool, then come again and fetch.

Olf. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laught out of case and countenance.

Tact. I care not, so it must be, or I cannot stirre.

Olf. I had best leave troubling him, he's obstinate, (Urinal I leave you) but above all things take heed *Jupiter* sees you not, for if he do, he'l nere make

water in five again; thou'lt serve his turn so fit to carry his water unto *Æsculapius*, Farewell Urinal, Farewell.

TACT. Speak not so lowd, the sound's enough to crack me, What is he gone? I an Urinal, ha, ha, ha, I protest I might have had my face washt finely, if he had meant to abuse me: I an Urinal, ha, ha, ha, go to, Urinal you have scapt a fair scouring, well Ile away, and get me to mine own house, there Ile lock up my self fast, playing the Chimick, augmenting this one Crown to troops of Angels, with which gold-winged messengers, I mean,
To work great wonders, as to build and purchase,
Fare daintily, tie up mens tongues, and loose them,
Command their lives, their goods, their liberties,
And captive all the world with chains of gold:
Hey, hey, tery linkum tinkum. *He offers to go out,*
O *Hercules!* *but comes in suddenly amazed.*
Fortune the Queen delights to play with me,
Stopping my passage with the sight of *Visus*;
But as he makes hither, Ile make hence,
There's more waies to the wood than one.

He offers to go out at the other door, but returns again in haste.

What more Devils to affright me?
O Diabolo, *Gustus* comes here to vex me:
So that I poor wreteh, am like a Shittle-cock betwixt two Battledoors, If I run there, *Visus* beats me to *Scilla*, If here, then *Gustus* blows me to *Carybdis*.

Neptune

Neptune hath ſworn my hope ſhall ſuffer ſhipwrack...
What ſhall I ſay? (as theſe.
Mine Urinal's too thin to bide the fury of ſuch ſtorms

ACT. 1. SCEN. 8.

VISUS, *in a Garland of Bays, mixt with white and red Roſes, a light coloured Taffata mantle ſtriped with ſilver, and fring'd upon green ſilk Baſes, Buſkins, &c.*
GUSTUS, *in the ſame faſhion, differing only in colour.*
TACTUS, *in a corner of the Stage.*

VISUS. GUSTUS. TACTUS.

VIS. *Guſtus* good day.
GUST. I cannot have a bad,
Meeting ſo fair an *omen* as your ſelf.
TACT. Shall I? wilt prove? ha? well 'tis beſt to venture. *Tactus puts on the Robes.*
GUST. Saw you not *Tactus*, I ſhould ſpeak with him.
TACT Perchance ſo, a ſudden lie hath beſt luck.
VIS. That face is his, or elſe mine eye's deceiv'd,
Why how now *Tactus*, what ſo gorgious?
GUST. Where didſt thou get theſe fair habiliments?
TACT. Stand back I charge you as you love your (lives,
By *Stix*, the firſt that toucheth me ſhall die.
VIS. I can diſcern no weapons, will he kill us?
TACT. Kill you? not I, but come not neer me you.
VIS. Why, art thou mad? (had beſt.

TACT. Friends as you love your lives,
Venture not once to come within my reach.
GUST. Why dost threaten so? (for the best,
TACT. I do not threaten, but in pure love advise you
Dare not to touch me, but hence fly apace,
Adde wings unto your feet and save your lives.
VIS. Why what's the matter *Tactus* prethe tell me?
TACT. If you will needs jeopard your lives so long,
As hear the ground of my amazednesse,
Then for your better safety stand aside.
GUST. How full of ceremonies, sure he'l conjure,
For such like Robes *Magicians* use to wear.
VIS. Ile see the end, though he should unlock Hell:
And set th'infernall haggs at liberty.
TACT. How rash is man on hidden arms to rush!
It was my chance, O chance most miserable!
To walk that way that to *Crumena* leads.
GUST. You mean *Cremona* a little Town hard by.
TACT. I say *Crumena*, called *Vacua*,
A Town which doth, and alwaies hath belong'd,
Chiefly to Scholars: from *Crumena* wals,
I saw a man came stealing craftily,
Apparelled in this vesture which I wear,
But seeing me eft-soons, he took his heels,
And threw his garment from him all in hast,
Which I perceiving to be richly wrought,
Took it me up: But good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harms, and scape my misery.
VIS. I know no danger, leave these circumstances.

TAC.

TAC. No sooner had I put it on my back,
But suddenly mine eyes began to dim,
My joynts wax sore, and all my body burn
With most intestine torture, and at length,
It was too evident, I had caught the plague.
VIS. The plague, away good *Gustus* lets be gone,
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,
Crumena Vacua never wants the plague. (thee,
GUST. *Tactus* Ile put my self in jeopardy to pleasure
TACT. No gentle *Gustus*, your absence is the only thing I wish,
Left I infect you with my company.
GUST. Farewell. *Exit Gustus.*
VIS. I willingly would stay to do thee good.
TACT. A thousand thanks, but since I needs must die,
Let it suffice, death only murthers me,
Oh 'twould augment the dolour of my death,
To know my self the most unhappy Bow,
Through wch pale death should aim his shafts at you.
VIS. *Tactus* farewell, yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be interred as they ought. *Exit Visus.*
TAC. Go make my Tomb, provide my funerals, ha,
Excellent Asses thus to be deluded, (ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Bewail his death and cruel destinies!
That lives, and laughs your fooleries to scorn,
But where's my Crown, oh here: I well deserve,
Thus to be crowned for two great victories, ha, ha, ha,
Visus take care my corps be well interr'd:
Go make my Tomb, and write upon the Stone;

Here lies the Sense, that lying gull'd them all,
With a false plague, and fained Urinal.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 9.

AUDITUS. TACTUS.

AUD. *Tactus, Tactus*

TACT. O *Jupiter*, 'tis *Auditus*, all's mard, I doubt the fine knave hears so far, but yet Ile grope him: how now Ears, what make you here, ha?

AUD. Nay, what make you here, I pray what were you talking even now, of an Asse, and a Crown, and an Urinal, and a plague?

TA. A plague on you, what I? AUD. Oh, what you.

TA. O I had well nigh forgot nothing, but I say——

AUD. What?

TAC. That if a man (do you mark sir) being sick of the plague (do you see sir) had, a, a, hem, hem, (this cold troubles me, It makes me cough sometimes extreamly,) had a *French* Crown, (sir you understand me) lying by him, and (come hither, come hither) and would not bestow two pence (do you hear) to buy an Urinal (do you mark me) to carry his water to the Physicion, (hem.)

AUD. What of all this?

TACT. I say such a one was a very Asse, this was all I use to speak to my self, when I am alone; but *Auditus*, when shall we hear a new set of singing-books,

books, or th'viols, or the consort of Instruments.

Aud. This was not all, for I heard mention of a Tomb, and an Epitaph.

Tact. True, true, I made my self merry with this Epitaph, upon such a fools Tomb thus a, thus, thus, plague brought this man, (foh I have forgotten) O thus, plague brought this man (so, so, so) unto his burial, because, because, because, (hem, hem) because he would not buy an Urinal, come, come *Auditus*, shall we hear thee play, the *Lyroway*, or the *Lute-way* shall we, or the Cornet, or any Musick, I am greatly revived when I hear.

Aud. *Tactus*, *Tactus*, this will not serve, I heard all, you have not found a Crown: you, no, you have not.

ACT. I. SCEN. *Ultima.*

Tactus. Auditus. Visus. Gustus. Mendacio.

Tact. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, hark thee good now.

Aud. I cannot hold I must needs tell.

Tact. O do not, do not, do not, come hither, will you be a fool?

Vis. Had he not wings upon his feet and shoulders?

Men Yes, yes, and a fine wand in his hand, Curiously wrapped with a pair of snakes.

Tact.

TACT. Will half content you, pish 'twill here be known.
GUST. My life, 'twas *Mercury*.
MEND. I do not know his name, but this I am sure his hat had wings upon't.
VIS. Doubtless 'twas he, but say my Boy what did he?
MEND. First I beheld him hovering in the air,
And then down stooping with a hundred gires:
His feet he fixed on *Mount Chephalon*,
From whence he flew and lighted on that plain,
And with disdainfull steps soon glided thither:
Whither arived, he suddenly unfolds
A gorgeous Robe, and glittering ornament,
And lays them all, upon that hillock:
This done he wafts his wand, took wing again,
And in a moment vanisht out of sight,
With that mine eies 'gan stare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quivering joynts with sweat bedew'd:
My heels my thought had wings as well as his,
And so away I runne; but by the way,
I met a man as I thought coming thither,
GUST. What marks had he?
MEND. He had a great — what this is he, this is he:
VIS. What *Tactus*?
GUST. This was the plague vext him so,
Tactus your Grave gapes for you, are you ready?
VIS. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leave all your goods behinde you, bequeath the
Crown and Robe to your Executors.
TACT. No such matter, I like the *Egyptian* Knights,

For

or the more ſtate, will be buried in them.

VIS. Come, come, deliver:

Viſus ſnatcheth the Crown and ſees letters graven in it.

TACT. What will you take my purſe from me?

VIS. No but a Crown, that's juſt more then your own.
Ha, what's this? 'tis a very ſmal hand,
What Inſcription is this?

He of the five that proves himſelf the beſt,
Shall have his Temples with this Coronet bleſt.

This Crown is mine, and mine this garment is,
For I have alwaies been accounted beſt.

TACT. Next after me, I as your ſelf at any time:
beſides I found it firſt, therefore 'tis mine.

GUST. Neither of yours but mine as much as both.

AUD. And mine the moſt of any of you all.

VIS. Give me it or elſe ——

TACT. Ile make you late repent it ——

GUST. Preſumptuous as you are ——

AUD. Spite of your teeth ——

MAND. Never till now, a ha, it works apace,
Viſus I know tis yours, and yet methinks,
Auditus you ſhould have ſome challenge to it,
But that your title *Tactus* is ſo good:
Guſtus I would ſwear the Coronet were yours,
What will you all go braule about a trifle:
View but the pleaſant coaſt of *Microcoſm*,
Iſt not great pity to be rent with warres,
Iſt not a ſhame, to ſtain with briniſh tears,

The

The ſmiling cheeks of ever-cheerfull peace,
Iſt not farre better to live quietly,
Than broyl in fury of diſſention;
Give me the Crown, ye ſhall not diſagree,
If I can pleaſe you; Ile play *Paris* part,
And moſt unpartial judge the controverſie:

VIS. Sauce-box go meddle with your Ladies fanne, and prate not here.

MEN. I ſpeak not for my ſelf, but for my Countries (ſafe commodity.

VIS. Sirra be ſtill.

MEND. Nay and you be ſo hot, the devil part you, Ile to *Olfactus* and ſend him amongſt you.
O that I were *Alecto* for your ſakes:
How liberally would I beſtow my ſnakes. *Exit Mend.*

VIS. *Tactus* upon thine honour,
I challenge thee to meet me here,
Strong as thou canſt provide in th'afternoon.

TAC. I undertake the Challenge, and here's my hand,
In ſign thou ſhalt be anſwered.

GUST. *Tactus* Ile joyn with thee, on this condition,
That if we win, he that fought beſt of us,
Shall have the Crown, the other wear the Robe.

TACT. Give me your hand, I like the motion.

VIS. *Auditus* ſhall we make our forces double,
Upon the ſame terms.

AUD. Very willingly:

VIS Come lets away, fear not the victory.
Right's more advantage, than an hoſt of ſouldiers.
Finis Act. primi. (*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus

Actus 2. Scena 1.

APPETITUS, *A long lean Raw-bon'd fellow in a Souldiers coat, a ſword,* &c.

MENDACIO. APPETITUS.

MEND. I long to ſee thoſe hot-ſpur ſenſes at it, they ſay they have gallant preparations, and not unlikely, for moſt of the ſouldiers are ready in Arms ſince the laſt field fought againſt their yearly enemy *Meleager*, and his wife *Acraſia*; that Conqueſt hath ſo fleſht them, that no peace can hold them. But had not *Meleager* been ſick, and *Acraſia* drunk, the ſenſes might have whiſtled for the victory.

APP. Foh, what a ſtink of gunpowder is yonder?

MEND. Who's this! oh, oh, 'tis *Appetitus*, *Guſtus* his hungry Parafite.

APP. I cannot indure the ſmoking of Gunnes, the thundring of drums, I had rather hear the merry hacking of pot-herbs, and ſee the reaking of a hot Capon. If they would uſe no other Bucklers in warre, but ſhields of Brawn, brandiſh no ſwords but ſwords of Bacon, trail no ſpears, but ſparribs of Pork, and inſtead of Harquebuſs pieces diſcharge Hartichock-pies, toſſe no pikes but boyled Pickrels, then *Appetitus* would rouſe up his creſt, and bear up himſelf with the proudeſt.

MEND.

MEND. Ah here's a youth ſtark naught at a trench but old dog at a trencher, a tall ſquire at a ſquare table

APP. But now my good maſters muſt pardon me I am not for their ſervice, for their ſervice is without ſervice, and indeed their ſervice is too hoat for my diet. But what, If I be not my ſelf, but only this be my ſpirit that wanders up and down, and *Appetitus* be kil in the Camp, the Devil he is as ſoon, how's the poſſible? tut, tut, I know I am. I, I am *Appetitus*, and alive too, by this Infallible token, that I feel my ſel hungry.

MEND. Thou might'ſt have taken a better token o thy ſelf, by knowing thou art a fool.

APP. Well then, though I made my fellow ſouldiers admire the beauty of my back, and wonder at the nimbleneſſe of my heels, yet now will I at ſafety a home, tell in what dangers they are abroad, Ile ſpeak nothing but guns, and glaves, and ſtaves, and phalanges, and ſquadrons, and barracadoes, ambuſcadoes palmedoes blank point dept, counterpoint, counter ſcraf, ſallies, and lies, ſaladoes, tarantantaras, rantan tara, tara, hey. (nere adone

MEND. I muſt take the fife out of his mouth, or he'l

APP. But above all Ile be ſure on my knees to thank the great —— *Mendacio blinds him.*

MEND. Who am I, who am I, who I?

APP. By the bloud-ſtain'd fauchion of Manors — I

MEND. Why, who am I? (am on your ſide.

APP. Are you a ſouldier?

MEND.

MEND. No.

APP. Then you are maſter *Hellus* the Bear-ward,

MEND. No, no, he's dead.

APP. Or *Gulono* the gutty Serjeant, or *Delphino* the Vintner, or elſe I know you not, for theſe are all my acquaintance.

MEN. Would I were hang'd, if I be any of theſe.

APP. What *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight thou art welcome, I muſt borrow thy Whetſtone to ſharpen the edges of my martial complements.

MEN. By the faith of a Knight, what a pox, where are thy Spurres?

APP. I need no ſpurres, I ride like *Pegaſus* on a winged horſe, on a ſwift Gennet, my Boy, called fear.

MEN. What ſhould'ſt thou fear in the wars? he's not a good ſouldier that hath not a good ſtomack.

APP. O, but the ſtink of powder ſpoils *Appetitus* ſtomack, and then thou know'ſt when 'tis gone, *Appetitus* is dead, therefore I very manfully drew my ſword, and flouriſht it bravely about mine ears, kiſt, and finding my ſelf hurt, moſt manfully run away.

MEND. All heart indeed, for thou ran'ſt like a Hart out of the field:
It ſeems then the Senſes mean to fight it out.

APP. I, and out-fight themſelves I think, and all about a trifle, a paltry bable, found I know not where.

MEN. Thou art deceived, they fight for more then that,

that, a thing called Superiority, of which the Crown is but an Embleme.

APP. *Mendacio* hang this Superiority, Crowne no Crown but *Bacchus* Crown of Roſes, give me no Scepter, but a fat Capons legge, to ſhew that I am the great King of *Hungary*, therefore I prethee talk no more of State-matters, but in brief, tell me my little raſcall, how thou haſt ſpent thy time this many a day?

MEN. Faith in ſome credit ſince thou ſaw'ſt me laſt.

APP. How ſo, where?

MEN. Every where; in the Court your Gentlewomen hang me at their Apron ſtrings, and that makes them anſwer ſo readily. In the City I am honour'd like a God, none ſo well acquainted with your Tradeſmen: your Lawyers all the Term time hire me of my Lady, your Gallants if they hear my name abuſed, they ſtab for my ſake: your Travellers ſo dote upon me as paſſes, O they have good reaſon, for I have carried them to many a good meal, under the Countenance of my familiarity: Nay your States-men have oftentimes cloſely conveyed me under their tongues, to make their policies more currant: As for old men they challenge my Company by authority.

APP. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

MEND. Now when I am diſpoſed, I can Philophy it in the Univerſity, with the ſubtileſt of them all.

APP.

App. I cannot be perſwaded that th'art acquainted with Scholars ever ſince thou wert preſt to death in a Print-houſe.

Mend. No, why I was the firſt founder of the three ſects of Phyloſophy, except one of the Peripateticks who acknowledge *Ariſtotle* (I confeſs) their great Grand-father.

App. Thou Boy, how is this poſſible? thou art but a Child and there were ſects of Philoſophy before thou wert born.

Mend. *Appetitus*, thou miſtakeſt me, I tell thee, 3000 years ago was *Mendacio* born in *Greece*, nurſt in *Creete*, and ever ſince honoured every where: Ile be ſworn I held old *Homers* pen when he writ his *Iliads* and his *Odyſſes*.

App. Thou hadſt need, for I hear ſay he was blind.

Mend. I helped *Herodotus* to pen ſome part of his Muſes, lent *Pliny* ink to write his Hiſtory, rounded *Rabalais* in the ear when he hiſtorified *Pantagruell*; as for *Lucian*, I was his Genius, O thoſe two Books *De Vera Hiſtoria*, howſoever they go under his Name, Ile be ſworn I writ them every tittle.

App. Sure as I am Hungry, thou'ſt have it for lying. But haſt thou ruſted this later time for want of exerciſe?

Mend. Nothing leſſe, I muſt confeſſe I would fain have jogged *Stow* and great *Hollinſhead* on

their elbows, when they were about their Chronicles, and as I remember Sir *John Mandevils* Travels, and a great part of the *Decads* were of my doing. But for the mirror of Knight-hood, *Bevis* of *Southampton*, *Palmerin* of *England*, *Amadis* of *Gaule*, *Huon de Burdeaux*, Sir *Guy* of *Warwick*, *Martin mar-prelate*, *Robin-hood*, *Garraganua*, *Grisilion*, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breathe on my breath up and down.

APP. Downwards Ile swear, for there's stinking lies in them.

MEND. But what should I light a Candle to the bright Sunne shine of my glorious renown, the whole world is full of *Mendacios* fame.

APP. And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

MEND. But Sirra, how hast thou done this long time?

APP. In as much request as thy self. To begin with the Court, as thou didst, I lie with the Ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for Cullies, and Gruellies so early before their prayers, your Gallants never sup, break-fast or beaver without me.

MEND. That's false, for I have seen them eat with a full stomack.

APP. True, but because they know a little thing drives me from them, therefore in midst of meat they present me with some sharp sauce or a dish of delicate

delicate Anchoves, or a Caviare, to entice me back again; nay more, your old Sirs that hardly go without a prop, will walk a mile or two every day to renew their acquaintance with me, as for the *Academy*, it is beholding to me for adding the eighth province unto noble *Heptarchy* of the liberall sciences.

MEND. What's that I prethee.

APP. The most desired and honourable art of Cookery.

Now Sirra in the City I am———ſt, ſt.
O the body of a Louſe.

MEND. What art a louſe in the City?

APP. Not a word more, for yonder comes *Phantaſtes*, and some body else.

MEND. What a pox can *Phantaſtes* do?

APP. Work a miracle if he would prove wiſe.

MEND. 'Tis he indeed, the vileſt nup: yet the fool loves me exceedingly, but I care not for his company, for if he once catch me, I ſhall never be rid of him. *Exeunt. Appet. & Mend.*

ACTUS 2. SCENA. 2.

PHANTASTES, *A ſwart complexion'd fellow, but quick ey'd, in a white Sattin doublet of one faſhion, green velvet hoſe of another: A phantaſticall hat with a plume of feathers of ſeveral colours, a little ſhort taffaty cloak, a pair of Buſkins cut, drawn*

out with sundry coloured Ribands, with scarfs hung about him, after all fashions, and of all colours, rings, Jewels, a Fanne, and in every place other odd complements.

HEURESIS, *A nimble sprighted page in the newest fashion, with a garland of Bayes,* &c.

PHANTASTES. HEURESIS.

PHAN. Sirra Boy *Heuresis?* boy how now biting your nails?

HEU. Three things have troubled my brain this many a day, and just now, when I was laying hold on the Invention of them, your sudden call, made them like *Tantalus* apples, fly from my fingers.

PH. Some great matters questionless, what were they?

HEU. The quadrature of a circle, the Philosophers stone, and the next way to the *Indies*.

PH. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for they'l be found out altogether, *ad græcas calendas*, but let them passe, and carry the conceit I told you this morning, to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis Capritious, 'twill take I warrant thee.

HEU. I will Sir: But what say you to the Gentleman that was with you yesterday?

PH. O I think thou meanest him that made nineteen sonnets of his Mistress Busk-point:

HEU. The same, the same, Sir: You promis'd to help him out with th' twentieth.

PHA.

Pha. By *Jupiters* cloven pate 'tis true; but we witty fellows are ſo forgetfull, but ſtay, hu, hu, carry him this:

The gordian knot which Alexander *great,*
Did whilom cut with his all conquering ſword:
Was nothing like thy Buſk-point pretty Peate,
Nor could ſo fair an augury afford.

Then to conclude let him pervert *Catullus* his *zonam ſolvit diù ligatam*, thus, thus,

Which if I chance to cut or 'elſe unty,
Thy little World Ile conquer preſently.

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporal.

Hau. Well Sir, but now for Maſter *Inamorato's* Love-letter.

Ph. Some netling ſtuff yfaith; let him write thus: Moſt heart commanding fac't Gentlewoman, even as the ſtone in *India* called *Baſiliſcus*, hurts all that looks on it: and as the Serpent in *Arabia* called *Smaragdus*, delighteth the ſight, ſo does thy celeſtial orb aſſimilating eyes, both pleaſe, and in pleaſing wound my Love-darted heart.

Hau. But what trick ſhall I invent for the concluſion?

Pha. Piſh, any thing: Love will miniſter Ink for the reſt:

He that once begun well, hath half done, let him begin again, and there's all.

Hau. Maſter *Gullio* ſpoke for a new faſhion, What ſay him?

PHA. A fashion for his sute—let him button it down the sleeve with four elbows, and so make it the pure heiroglyphick of a fool.

HER. Nay then let me requeſt one thing of you.

PHA. What's that Boy? by this fair hand thou ſhalt have it.

HER. Miſtreſſe *Superbia* a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance wiſht me to deviſe her a new ſet for her Ruff, and an odde tire, I pray Sir, help me out with it.

PHA. Ah Boy in my conceit it's a hard matter to perform, theſe women have well nigh tired me, with deviſing tires for them, and ſet me at a *non plus* for new ſets, their heads are ſo light, and their eyes ſo coy, that I know not how to pleaſe them.

HER. I pray Sir, ſhe hath a bad face, and fain would have Suitors, Phantaſtical and odd apparel, would perchance draw ſome body to look on her.

PHA. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the worſe, bid her wear the multitude of her deformities under a Mask, till my leaſure will ſerve to deviſe ſome durable, and unſtained bluſh of painting.

HER. Very good Sir.

PHA. Away then, bye thee again, meet me at the Court within this hour at the farthest.

Exit Hermetis.

Oh heavens, how have I been troubled theſe later times

times with Women, Fools, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggerers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they have almoſt diſrobed me of all the toys and trifles I can deviſe; were it not that I pity the poor multitude of Printers, theſe Sonnet-mongers ſhould ſtarve for conceits, for all *Phantaſtes*. But theſe puling Lovers, I cannot but laugh at them and their Encomions of their Miſtreſſes. They make forſooth her hair of Gold, her eyes of Diamond, her cheeks of Roſes, her lips of Rubies, her teeth of Pearl, and her whole body of Ivory: and when they have thus Idol'd her like *Pigmalion*, they fall down and worſhip her. *Pſyche*, thou haſt laid a hard task upon my ſhoulders, to invent at every ones ask, were it not that I refreſh my dulneſſe once a day with my moſt Angelical preſence, 'twere unpoſſible for me to undergo it.

ACTUS 2 SCENA 3.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, *A grave man in a Black velvet Caſſock like a Counſellor, ſpeaks coming out of the door.*

COMMUNIS SENSUS. PHANTASTES.

COM. S. I cannot ſtay, I tell you, 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my Sovereign *Pſyche* hath expected me this hour.

PHA. In good time, younder comes *Common-*

ſenſe, I imagine it ſhould be he by his voice.

Com. S. Crave my counſell, tell me what manner of man he is? Can he entertain a man into his houſe, can he hold his Velvet Cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? Knows he how to become a Scarlet gown, hath he a pair of freſh poſts at his door?

Pha. He's about ſome haſty State-matters, he talks of poſts methinks.

Com S. Can he part a couple of Dogs brawling in the ſtreet? why then chooſe him Mayor, upon my credit he'l prove a wiſe Officer.

Pha. Save you my Lord, I have attended your leiſure this hour.

Com.S. Fie upon't, what a toil have I had to chooſe them a Mayor yonder? there's a fuſty Currier will have this man: there's a Chandler wipes his noſe on his ſleeve, and ſwears it ſhall not be ſo. There's a Muſtard-maker looks as keen as Viniger, will have another: O this many headed multitude, it's a hard matter to pleaſe them!

Pha. Eſpecially where the multitude is ſo well headed. But I pray you where's Maſter *Memory*? hath he forgotten himſelf that he is not here?

Com Sen. 'Tis high time he were at Court, I would he would come.

ACT.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

MEMORY, *An old decrepit man, in a black Velvet Cassock, a Taffaty Gown furred, with White Grogram, a white beard, Velvet slippers, a Watch, Staff*, &c.

ANAMNESTES *his Page, in a grave Sattin sute Purple, Buskins, a Garland of Bayes and Rosemary, a gimmall ring, with one link hanging, Ribbands and Threds tied to some of his fingers, in his hand a pair of Table books*, &c.

MEMORY. ANAMNESTES. PHANTASTES. SENS. COM.

MEM. How soon a wise man shall have his wish?

COM. SE. *Memory* the season of your coming is very ripe.

PH. Had you staid a little longer 'twould have been stark rotten.

MEM. I am glad I sav'd it from the Swine —— Spretious I have forgot something: O my purse, my purse, why *Anamnestes*? Remembrance where art thou, *Anamnestes* Remembrance, that vild Boy is alwaies gadding, I remember he was at my heels, even now, and now the vild Rascal is vanisht.

PHA. Is he not here? why then in my imagination he's left behind, O la *Anamnestes* remembrance.

AN. (*running in haste*) Anon, anon, sir anon, anon sir, anon, anon sir, anon, anon sir.

MEM.

Mem. Ha ſirra, what a brawling's here?

An. I do but give you an anſwer with anon Sir.

Mem. You anſwer ſweetly, I have cal'd you three or four times one after another.

An. Sir, I hope I anſwered you three or four times one in the neck of another. But if your good worſhip have lent me any more cals, tell me, and Ile repay them as I am a Gentleman.

Mem. Leave your tattle, had you come at firſt I had not ſpent ſo much breath in vain.

An. The truth is Sir, the firſt time you called, I heard you not, the ſecond I underſtood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no: the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reaſon I anſwered ſo ſuddenly.

Mem. Go ſirra, run, ſeek every where, I have loſt my purſe ſomewhere.

An. I go Sir: Go ſirra, ſeek, run, I have loſt, bring, here's a Dogs life, with a pox, ſhall I be alwaies uſed like a water-Spaniel. *Exit Anam.*

Com. Come good Maſter Regiſter, I wonder you be ſo late now adaies.

Mem. My good Lord, I remember that I knew your Grandfather in this your place, and I remember your Grandfathers great Grandfathers, Grandfathers Fathers, Father, yet in thoſe daies I never remember that any of them could ſay, that *Regiſter Memory* ever broke one minute of his appointment.

Com. S. Why good Father, why are you ſo late now adaies? Mem.

Mem. Thus 'tis, the most customers I remember my self to have, are (as your Lordship knows) Scholars, and now adaies the most of them are become Criticks, bringing me home such paltry things to lay up for them, that I can hardly find them again.

Ph. *Jupiter, Jupiter,* I had thought these Flies had bit none but my self, Do Criticks tickle you yfaith?

Mem. Very familiarly: for they must know of me forsooth, how every idle word is written in all the musty moth-eaten *Manuscripts*, kept in all the old Libraries in every City betwixt *England* and *Peru*.

Com. Sen. Indeed I have noted these times to affect Antiquities more than is requisite.

Mem. I remember in the age of *Assaracus* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thebes*, and the siege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving, but now every trifle must be wrapped up in the volume of Eternity. A rich pudding-wife, or a Cobler cannot die but I must immortalize his Name with an Epitaph: A dog cannot pisse in a Noblemans shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the Chronicles, so that I never could remember my Treasure more full, and never emptier of Honourable, and true Heroicall actions.

Ph. By your leave Memory, you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of them are so Phantastick, as when they bring a Captain to the Combat, lifting up his revengefull arm to dis-part the head of his

his enemy, they'l hold up his arms ſo long till they have beſtowed three or four pages in deſcribing the gold hilts of his threatning Fauchion: So that in my Fancy the Reader may well wonder his adverſary ſtabs him not before he ſtrikes; moreover they are become moſt palpable flatterers, alwaies begging at my gates for Invention.

Com. This is a great fault in a Chronologer to turn Paraſite: An abſolute Hiſtory ſhould be in fear of none, neither ſhould he write any thing more then truth for friendſhip, or leſs for hate, but keep himſelf equal and conſtant in all his diſcourſes, but for us, we muſt be contented, for as our Honours increaſe, ſo muſt the burthen of the cares of our Offices urge us to wax heavy.

Ph. But not till our backs break, s'lud there was never any ſo haunted as I am, this day there comes a Sophiſter to my houſe, knocks at my door, his errand being ask'd forſooth his anſwer was, to borrow a fair ſute of conceits out of my wardrobe, to apparell, a ſhew he had in hand, and what think you is the plot?

Com. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with ſuch toies.

Ph. Mean-while he's ſomewhat acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your perſon upon the Stage.

Com. What me? I cannot remember, that I was ever brought upon the Stage before.

Ph.

Ph. Yes you and you, and my ſelf, with all my Phantaſticall tricks and humors, but I trow I have fitted him with Fooleries, I truſt he'l never trouble me again.

Com. O times! O manners! when Boyes dare to traduce men in authority, was ever ſuch an attempt heard!

Mem. I remember there was For (to ſay the truth) at my laſt being at *Athens* (It is now, let me ſee, about 1800 years ago) I was at a Comedy of *Ariſtophanes* making, (I ſhall never forget it) The Arch-governour of *Athens* took me by the hand and placed me, and there I ſay, I ſaw *Socrates* abuſed moſt groſly, himſelf being then a preſent ſpectator: I remember he ſate full againſt me, and did not ſo much as ſhew the leaſt countenance of diſcontent.

Com. In thoſe daies it was lawfull, but now the abuſe of ſuch liberty is unſufferable.

Ph. Think what you will of it, I think 'tis done, and I think it is acting by this time; hark, hark, what drumming's yonder, Ile lay my life they are come to preſent the ſhew I ſpake of.

Com. It may be ſo; ſtay we'l ſee what 'tis.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 5.

LINGUA. MENDACIO. COM. SEN. *and the reſt.*

LING. Fain thy ſelf in great haſte.

MEN. I warrant you Madam: I doubt 'tis in vain to run, by this they are all paſt overtaking.

COM. SEN. Is not this *Lingua* that is in ſuch haſte?

PH. Yes, yes, ſtand ſtill.

MEN. I muſt ſpeak with him.

COM. SEN. With whom?

MEN. Aſſure your ſelf they are all at Court ere this.

LING. Run after them, for unleſſe he know it——

COM. SEN. *Lingua.*

LING. O iſt your Lordſhip: I beſeech you pardon me; haſt and fear, I proteſt put out mine eyes: I looke ſo long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

PHA. In my conceit, that's like the man that enquired, who ſaw his Aſſe, when himſelf rid on him.

LING. O my heart beats ſo, fie, fie, fie, fie.

MEN. I am ſo weary, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo.

COM. SEN. I prethee *Lingua* make an end.

LING. Let me begin firſt I beſeech you, but if you will needs have the end firſt, thus 'tis. The Commonwealth of *Microſme* at this inſtant ſuffers the pangs of death, 'tis gaſping for breath. Will you have all? 'tis poyſned.

PH. What

PH. What Potheeary durſt be ſo bold as make ſuch a confection? ha what poyſon iſt?

LING. A golden Crown.

MEM. I miſtake, or elſe *Galen* in his Book *De ſanitate tuenda*, commends gold as reſtorative.

COM. SEN. *Lingua* expreſſe your ſelf.

MEN. Madam if you want breath, let me help you out.

LING. I prethee do, do.

MEN. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercury* coming late into this Country, in this very place, left a Coronet with this inſcription, that the beſt of the five ſhould have it, which the Senſes thinking to belong unto them——

LING. Challenge each other, and are now in arms, and 't like your Lordſhip.

COM. SEN. I proteſt it likes not me.

LING. Their battels are not far hence ready rang'd.

COM. SEN. O monſtrous preſumption! what ſhall we do?

MEM. My Lord, in your great Grandfathers time, there was I remember ſuch a breach amongſt them, therefore my Counſell is, that after his example, by the ſtrength of your authority you convent them before you.

COM. *Lingua* go preſently, command the Senſes upon their alleageance to our dread Sovereign Queen *Pſyche*, to diſmiſſe their companies, and perſonally to appear before me without any pretence of excuſe.

LING.

LING. I go my Lord.

PH. But hear you Madam, I pray you let your Page's tongue walk with us a little, till you return again.

LING. With all my heart. *Exit Lingua.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 6.

PH. Hot youths I protest, saw you those warlike preparations?

MEN. Lately my Lords, I spide into the Army,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit.
Or strength of utterance to describe their forces.

COM. SENS. Go to, speak what thou canst.

MEND Upon the right hand of a spatious Hill,
Proud *Visus* marshalleth a puissant Army,
Three thousand Eagles strong, whose valiant Captain
Is *Joves* swift Thunder-bearer, that same Bird,
That hoist up *Ganimede* from the *Trojan* plains:
The vant-gard strengthned with a wondrous flight
Of Falcons, Haggards, Hobbies, Tersels,
Lanards and Goshauks, Sparhauks, and Ravenous (Birds.
The rereward granted to *Auditus* charge.
Is stoutly follow'd with an impetuous herd
Of stiff-neckt Buls, and many horn-mad staggs,
Of the best head the Forrest can afford.

PH. I promise you a fearfull troop of Souldiers

MEN. Right opposite stands *Tactus* strongly mand,
With three thousand brisled Urchins for his Pikemen;
Four hundred Tortesses for Elephants.

Besides

Beſides a monſtrous troop of ugly ſpiders,
Within an ambuſhment he hath commanded,
Of their own guts to ſpin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'have fram'd a net (O wondrous work)
That faſtned by the Concave of the Moon,
Spreads down it ſelf to th' earths circumference.

MEM. 'Tis very ſtrange, I cannot remember the like Engine at any time.

MEN: Nay more my Lord, the masks are made ſo ſtrong,
That I my ſelf upon them ſcale the heavens,
And boldly walk about the middle region,
Where in the province of the Meteors,
I ſaw the cloudy ſhops of Hail and Rain,
Garners of Snow, and Chriſtals full of dew,
Rivers of burning Arrows, Dens of Dragons,
Huge beams of flames, and Spears like fire brands,
Where I beheld hot *Mars* and *Mercury*,
With Rackets made of Sphears, and Balls of Stars,
Playing at Tennis for a Tun of Nectar.
And that vaſt gaping of the Firmament,
Under the Southern pole is nothing elſe
But the great hazzard of their Tennis Court,
The Zodiack is the line. The ſhooting Stars,
Which in an eye-bright evening ſeem'd to fall,
Are nothing but the Balls they loſe at Bandy.
Thus having took my pleaſure with thoſe ſights,
By the ſame net I went up, I diſcended.

COMUS. Wel Sirra to what purpoſe tends this Stratagem?

MEND. None know directly, but I think it is
T'intrap the Eagles, when the Battails joyn.
PH. Who takes *Tactus* his part? (*Tactus*,
MEND. Under the standard of thrice hardy
Thrice valiant *Gustus* leads his war-like Forces,
An endlesse multitude of desperate Apes,
Five hundred Marmosets & long-tail'd Monkees:
All trained to the field, and nimble Gunners.
PH. Imagine there's old moving amongst them;
Me thinks a handful of Nuts would turn them out
of their Souldiers coats.
MEN. Ramparts of Pasty-crust and forts of Pies,
Entrench'd with dishes full of Custard stuff,
Hath *Gustus* made; and planted ordinance,
Strange ordinance: Canons of hollow canes,
Whose powder's Rape seed, charged with Turnip
(shot.
MEM. I remember in the Country of Utopia,
They use no other kind of Artillery.
COM. SEN. But what's become of *Olfactus*?
MEND. He politickly leans to neither part,
But stands betwixt the camps as at receit:
Having great wine his Pioners to entrench them.
PH. In my fooliſh imagination *Olfactus* is very
like the Goddesse of victory that never takes
any part but the Conquerers.
MEND. And in the Woods he placed secretly
Two hundred couple of Hounds and hungry Ma-
(stiffs:
And ore his head hover at his command
A cloud

A cloud of Vultures, which o're spread the light,
Making a night before the day be done:
But to what end not known but feared of all.

PH. I conjecture he intends to see them fight, and after the battail to feed his Dogs, Hogs and Vultures upon the murdred carcases.

MEN. My *L.* I think the fury of their anger will not be obedient to the Message of *Lingua*; for otherwise in my conceit they should have been here ere this: with your *L.* good liking we'l attend upon you to see the field for more certainty. It shall be so; Come Master *Register* lets walk.

Exeunt omnes. *Finis.* Act. *secundi.*

Act. 3. Scena. 1.

ANAMNESTES, *With a purse in his hand.*

ANA. For sooth *Oblivio* shut the door upon me, I could come no sooner; ha! is he not there? O excellent! Would I were hang'd but I lookt for a sound rap on the pate, and that made me before hand to lift up this excuse for a Buckler. I know he's not at Court, for here's his purse, without which warrant there's no comming thither; wherefore now *Anamnestes* sport thy self a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. *Plutus* send there be Jewels in it; that I may finely geld it of the stones- -- The best sure

lies in the bottome---pox on't, here's nothing but a company of worm-eaten papers; what's this? *Memorandum* that Master *Prodigo* owes me four thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawn for it: *Memorandum* that I owe; that he owes? 'tis well the old slave hath some care of his credit; to whom owes he I trow this? that I owe *Anamneſtes*? What me? I never lent him any thing; ha, this is good, there's something coming to me more then I look'd for. Come on, what is't? *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamneſtes*--a breeching; I faith Sir I will ease you of that payment, (*He rends the bill*) *Memorandum* that when I was a child, *Robuſto* tript up my heels at foot-ball: what a revengeful dizard's this?

ACT. 3. SCEN. 2.

Mendatio *with Cuſhions under his arme, trips up* Anamneſtes *heels.*

Mendacio. Anamneſtes.

ANA. How now?

MEND Nothing but lay you upon the Cuſhion Sir, how ſo? (Sir?

ANA. Nothing but lay the Cuſhion upon you

MEND. What my little *Nam?* by this foot I am ſorry I miſtook thee.

ANA. What my little *Men?* by this hand it grieves me I took thee ſo right. But Sirra whither with theſe Cuſhions?

MEN. To lay them here that the Judges may ſit ſoftly, leaſt my Lady *Lingua*'s cauſe go hard with her. *Ana.*

ANA. They should have been wrought with gold, these will do nothing: But what makes thy Lady with the Judges?

MEND. Pish, know'st not? she sueth for the title of a Sense, as well as the rest that bear the name of the *Pentarchy*.

ANA. Will Common sense and my Master leave their affairs to determine that Controversie?

MEND. Then thou hearst nothing.

ANA. What should I hear!

MEND. All the Senses fell out about a Crown faln from Heaven, and pitcht a field for it; but *Vicegerent* Common-sense hearing of it, took upon him to umpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their armes dismissed) to appear before him, charging every one to bring as it were in a shew their proper objects, that by them he may determine of their several excellencies.

ANA. When is all this?

MEND. As soon as they can possibly provide,

ANA. But can he tell which deserves best by their objects?

MEND. No not only; for every sense must describe his Instrument, that is his house where he performs his dayly duty, so that by the Object and the Instrument, my Lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities.

ANA. His Lordship's very wise.

MEND Thou shalt hear all anon, fine Master

Phantaſies, and thy Maſter will be here ſhortly. But how is't my little Rogue? me thinks thou look'ſt lean upon't?

ANA. Alas, how ſhould I do otherwiſe that lie all night with ſuch a Rawbon'd *Skeliton as Memory*, and run all day on his Errands! The Churle's grown ſo old and forgetful, that every hour he's calling *Anamneſtes* remembrance, where art *Anamneſtes*? Then preſently ſomething's loſt, poor I muſt run for it; and theſe words, run Boy, Come Sirra quick, quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the Cough, never out on's mouth.

MEND. Alack, alack poor Rogue, I ſee my fortunes are better. My Lady loves me exceedingly; ſhe's always kiſſing me, ſo that (I tell the *Nom*) *Mendacios* never from betwixt her lips.

ANA. Nor out of *Memories* mouth; but in a worſe ſort, always exerciſing my ſtumps, and which is more, when he favours beſt, then I am in the worſt taking.

MEND. How ſo?

ANA. Thus, when we are friends, then muſt I come and be dandled upon his Palſie-quaking knees, and he'l tell me a long ſtory of his acquaintance with King *Priamus* and his familiarity with *Neſtor*, and how he plaid at blow-point with *Jupiter* when he was in his ſide-coats; and how he went to look Birds-neſts with *Athon*, and where he was at *Deucalions* flood; and twenty ſuch old wives tales.

Mend.

MEND. I wonder he being so old can talk so much.

ANA. Nature thou know'st (knowing what an unruly Engine the tongue is) hath set teeth round about for watchmen. Now Sir my Master's old age hath caught out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runs so much at liberty.

MEND. Philosophical!

ANA. O but there's one thing stings me to the very heart, to see an ugly, foul, idle, fat, dusty slog-head, called *Oblivio* preferred before me; doth know him?

MEND. Who I?! But care not for his acquaintance, hang him blockhead, I could never abide him. Thou Remembrance art the only friend that the arms of my friendship shall embrace. Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of *Oblivio*?

ANA. The very naming of him hath made me forget my self. O, O, O, O, that Rascal is so made of everywhere.

MEND. Who *Oblivio*?

ANA. I, for our Courtiers hug him continually in their ungrateful bosomes, and your smooth-belly, fat-backt, barrel-paunch't, tun-gutted drones are never without him; as for *Memory* he's a false-hearted fellow, he always deceives them; they respect not him except it be to play a game at *Gleek, Primero, Saint, Mate*, or such like.

MEND. I cannot think such fellows have to do

with *Oblivio* since they never got any thing to forget.

ANA. Again, these prodigal swaggerers that are so much bound to their Creditors, if they have but one Crosse about them they'l spend it in wine upon *Oblivio*.

MEN. To what purpose I prethee?

ANA. Only in hope he'l wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

MEN. Why then no man cares for thee!

ANA. Yes, a company of studious paper-worms and lean Schollers, and niggardly scraping Usurers, and a troop of heart-eating envious persons, and those cancker-stomackt spiteful creatures, that furnish up common place-books with other mens faults. The time hath been in those golden days, when *Saturn* reigned, that if a man received a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in mind of it; but now in these Iron afternoons, save your friends life, and *Oblivio* will be more familiar with him then you.

ACTUS. 3. SCENA. 3.

Heureſis. Mend. Anamneſtes.

HEU. *Phantaſtes* not at Court? is't possible? 'tis the strangest accident that ever was heard off; I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would never lie without him.

ANA. Hist, hist, *Mendacio*, I prethee observe *Heresis*; it seems he cannot find his Master that's able to find out all things: and art thou now at a fault, canst not find out thine own Master? no? Ile try one more way. O yes.

MEND. What a Proclamation for him?

AN. I, I, his nimble head is always full of proclamations.

HEU. O yes.

MEND. But doth he cry him in the wood?

AN. O good Sir, and good reason, for every beast hath Phantasie at his pleasure.

HEU. O yes: If any man can tell any tidings of a spruce, neat, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humerous, conceited, Phantasticke Gallant, with hollow eyes, sharp look, swart complexion, meager face, wearing as many toyes in his apparel, as fooleries in his looks and gesture, let him come forth and certifie me thereof, and he shall have for his reward--- (have?

AN. I can tell you where he is, what shall he HEU. A box o'the ear sirra, (*snap*)

AN. How now invention, are you so quick fingred? in faith there's your principle sirra, (*snap*) and here's the interest ready in my hand (*snap*) [*They fall together by the ears.*] Yea? have you found out scratching? now I remember me.

HEU. Do you bite you Rascal?

MEND. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the lively picture of this axiome, *A quick Invention and a good Me-*

mory

more can never agree. Fie, fie, fie *Heuresis*, beat him when he's down? (Ile

ANA. Prethee lets alone, proud Jack-an-Apes,

HEU. What will you do?

AN. Untruſſe thy points and whip thee, thou paltry — Let me go *Mendacio* if thou loveſt me, ſhall I put up the—

MEND. Come, come, come, you ſhall fight no more in good faith: *Heuresis*, your Maſter will catch you anon.

HEU. My Maſter, where is he?

MEN. Ile bring you to him, come away.

HEU. *Audimeſtes*, I ſcorn that thou ſhouldſt think I go away for fear of any thing thou canſt do unto me; here's my hand as ſoon as thou canſt pick the leaſt occaſion, put up thy finger, I am for thee. *Exit Mendacio* and *Heuresis*.

AN. When thou dar'ſt *Heuresis*, when thou dar'ſt, Ile be as ready as thy ſelf at any time. This *Heuresis*, this invention, is the proudeſt Jack-an-Apes, the pearteſt ſelf-conceited Boy that ever breath'd: becauſe forſooth ſome odd Poet, or ſome ſuch Phantaſtique fellows make much on him, there's no ho with him; the vile dandi-prat will not look the proudeſt of his acquaintance: but well I remember me, I learnt a trick t'other day, to bring a Boy ore the thigh finely; if he come, in faith Ile tickle him with it. *Mendacio comes running back in great haſte.*

MEN. As I am a Baſcal *Nan*, they are all coming,

I ſee

I see Master Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feet will carry up his four Ages.

Exit Mendacio.

ACTUS. 3. SCENA. 4.

MEMORIA. ANAMESITES.

MEM. Ah you leaden-heel'd Rascal.

ANA. Here 'tis Sir, I have it, I have it.

MEM. Is this all the haste you make?

ANA. An't like your worship, your Clog-head *Oblivio* went before me, and foil'd the trail of your foot-steps, that I could hardly undertake the quest of your purse forsooth.

MEM. You might have been here long ere this: Come hither sirra, come hither, what must you go round about? goodly, goodly, you are full of circumstances.

ANA. In truth Sir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the City, sought you in every Ale-house, Inn, Tavern, Dicing-house, Tennis-court, Stews, and such like places, likely to find your worship in.

MEM. Ha villain, am I a man likely to be found in such places, ha?

ANA. No, no Sir, Sir, but I was told by my Lady *Lingua's* Page that your Worship was seeking me, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would ask for me, and it please your worship.

Mem.

MEM. I remember another quarrel sirra, but well, well, I have no leisure.

ACT. 3. SCENA. 5.

Com. Sens. Lingua. Phantastes, Memory. Anamnestes.

COM. S. *Lingua*, the Senses by our appointment anon are to present their objects before us; seeing therefore they be not in readinesse, we license you in the mean while, either in your own person, or by your Advocate, to speak what you can for your self.

LIN. My Lord, if I should bring before your honour all my friends ready to importune you in my behalf, I should have so many Rhetoricians, Logitians, Lawyers, and which is more, so many women to attend me, that this Grove would hardly contain the company; wherefore to avoid the tediousnesse, I will lay the whole cause upon the tip of mine own tongue.

COM. SEN. Be as brief as the necessity of our short time requires.

LIN. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sex, might draw me back from this Tribunal, with the *habenis* to wit *Timoris*, and the *Catenis Pudoris*; notwithstanding being so fairly led on with the gracious ἐπιείκεια of your *justissimæ δικαιοσύνης*, *Especially so aspremente spurd' con gli sproni di necessita mia pungente*, I Will without the helpe of Orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my

action

action to the *Volutabilitati* τῶν γυναικείων λόγων which (*avec vostre bonne playseur*) I will finish with more then *Laconicâ brevitate*.

Co. Se. Whats this? here's a Gallemaufry of speech indeed.

Mem. I remember about the yeare 1602. many used this skew kind of language. Which in my opinion is not much unlike the man *Platony* the the Sonne of *Lagus*, King of *Ægypt*, brought for a spectacle halfe white halfe blacke.

Co. Se. I am perswaded these same language-makers have the very quality of cold in their wit, that freezeth all *Heterogeneall* languages together, congealing English Tynne, Græcian Gold, Romane Latine all in a lumpe.

Pha. Or rather in my imagination like yor Fantasticall Gulls Apparell, wearing a Spanish Felt, a French Doblet, a Granado Stocking, a Dutch Slop, an Italian Cloak, with a Welch frise Jerkin.

Com. Sen. Well, leave your toying, we cannot pluck the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a more formall manner; you know an ingenious Oratiō must neither swell above the Banks with insolent words, nor creepe too shallow in the ford, with vulgar terms, but run equally, smooth, and cheerful, through the clean current of a pure style.

Ling. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirm my worth to be equal or better then the senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them

them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the dead file of time, whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this means re-edifying such Excellencies as Time and Age do easily depopulate.

COM. SEN. But what profitable service do you undertake for our dread *Queen Psyche?*

LING. O how I am ravisht to think how infinitely she hath graced me with her most acceptable service. But above all (which you Master *Register* may well remember) when her Highnesse taking my mouth for her instrument, with the Bow of my tongue stricke so heavenly a touch upon my teeth, that she charmed the very Tigers asleep, the listning Bears and Lions to couch at her feet, while the Hills leaped, and the Woods danced to the sweet harmony of her most Angelical accents.

MEM. I remember it very well. *Orpheus* played upon the Harp, while she sang, about some four years after the contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the excoriation of *Marsyas*.

ANA. By the same token the River *Alpheus*, at that time pursuing his beloved *Arethusa*, dischanel'd himself of his former course to be partaker of their admirable consort, and the musick being ended, thrust himself head-long into earth, the next way to follow his amorous Chase; if you go to *Arcadia*, you shall see his coming up again.

COM. SEN. Forward *Lingua* with your reason.

Lingua.

LING. How oft hath her Excellency imployded me as Embassador in her most urgent affairs to forreign King and Emperors! I may say to the Gods themselves! How many bloodlesse Battails have my perswasions attained, when the senses forces have been vanquished. How many Rebels have I reclaimed when her sacred authority was little regarded? her Laws (without exprobation be it spoken) had been altogether unpublished, her will unperformed, her illustrious deeds unrenounced, had not the silver sound of my trumpet filled the whole circuit of the universe with her deserved fame. Her Cities would dissolve, traffique would decay, friendships be broken, were not my speech the knot. *Mercury* and *Mastigne*, to bind, defend, and glew them together. What should I say more? I can never speak enough of the unspeakable praise of speech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the most exquisite power and excellency of speech cannot sufficiently expresse the exquisite power and excellency of speaking.

COM. SEN. *Lingua*, your service and dignity we confesse to be great; nevertheless these reasons prove you not to have the nature of a sense.

LING. By your Lordships favour, I can soon prove that a sense is a faculty, by which our Queen sitting in her privy Chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents. That I am of this nature, I prove thus. *The object which I challenge is*---

Enter

Enter Appetitus in haste.

APP. Stay, stay my Lord, defer I beseech, defer the Judgement.

COM. SEN. Who's this that boldly interrupts us thus! hum.

APP. My name is *Appetitus*, Common servant to the Pentarchy of the senses, who understanding that your honour was handling this action of *Lingua's*, sent me hither thus hastily, most humbly requesting the Bench to consider these Articles they alledge against her, before you proceed to judgement.

COM. SEN. Hum, here's good stuff, Master *Register* read them: *Appetitus*, you may depart, and bid your Mistresse make convenient speed.

AP. At your Lordships pleasure. *Exit Appetitus.*

MEM. I Remember that I forgot my spectacles, I left them in the 349. *page* of *Hall's* Chronicles, where he tells a great wonder of a multitude of Mice which had almost destroyed the Country, but that there resorted a great mighty flight of Owls, that destroyed them: *Anamnestes* read these Articles distinctly.

1. AR. ANA. Imprimis we accuse *Lingua* of high treason and sacrilege against the most honourable Common-wealth of letters: for under pretence of profiting the people with translations, she hath most vily prostituted the hard mysteries of unknown Languages to the prophane ears of the vulgar.

PHAN.

PHAN. This is as much as to make a new Hell in the upper world; for in Hell, they say, *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler; and now by these translations every Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander* as he that wrote his life.

2. art. ANA. Item that she hath wrongfully imprisoned a Lady called *Veritas*.

3. art. Item that she's a witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcismes.

4. art. Item that she's a common whore, and lets every one lie with her.

5. art. Item that she rails on men in Authority, depraving their Honours with bitter Jests and taunts, and that she's a Backbiter setting strife betwixt bosome friends.

6. art. Item that she lends Wives weapons to fight against their Husbands.

7. art. Item that she maintains a train of prating petty-foggers, prouling Sumners, smooth tongu'd Bawds, artless Empericks, hungry Parasites, Newscarriers, Janglers, and such like idle Companions, that delude the Commonalty.

8. art. Item that she made Rhetorique wanton, Logick to babble, Astronomy to lye.

9. art. Item that she is an incontinent Tel-tale.

10. art. Item (which is the last and worst) that she's a Woman in every respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these Articles be true we pawn our

honours, and ſubſcribe our names.

1. *Viſus.* 2. *Auditus.*
3. *Guſtus.*
4. *Olfactus* .5. *Tactus.*

Co. Sr. *Lingua*, theſe be ſhrewd allegations, and as I think unanſwerable. I will defer the judgement of your cauſe till I have finiſhed the contention of the Senſes.

Lin. Your Lordſhips muſt be obeyed; but as for them moſt ungrateful, and perfidious wretches.

Co. S. Good words become you better; you may depart if you will, till we ſend for you. *Anammeſtes*, run, remember *Viſus*, 'tis time he were ready.

Ana. I go, (*Exit* Anam. *& redit*) he ſtays here expecting your Lordſhips pleaſure.

Actus. 3. Scene. 6.

A Page carrying a Scutchion argent charged with an Eagle diſplayed proper, then Viſus *with a Fan of Peacocks feathers, next* Linnen *with a Crown of Bays, and a Shield with a bright Sun in it, apparelled in Tiſſue, then a Page bearing a Shield before* Cœlum, *clad in Azure Taffata, dimpled with Stars, a Crown of Stars on his head, and a Scarf reſembling the Zodiack, overthwart the Shoulders; next a Page clad in green, with a terreſtrial*

reſtrial Globe before Terra, *in a green Velvet gown ſtuck with branches and flowers, a Crown of Turrets upon her head, in her hand a Key, then a Herauld leading in his hand,* Colour *clad in changeable ſilk, with a Rainbow out of a Cloud on her head, laſt a Boy,* Viſus *Marſhalleth his ſhew about the Stage, and preſents it before the Bench.*

VISUS. LUMEN. COELUM. COM. SENS. MEMORIE.

VI. Loe here the object that delights the ſight,
The goodlieſt objects that mans heart can wiſh.
For all things that the Orbe firſt moveable
Wraps in the circuit of his large-ſtretcht arms,
Are ſubject to the power of *Viſus* eyes.
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words that ſpeaks next following,

LUME. *Light* the fair Grand-child to the glo-
(rious Sun,
Opening the caſements of the Roſie morn,
Makes the abaſhed Heavens ſoon to ſhun
The ugly darkneſſe it embrac'd beforne,
And at his firſt appearance puts to flight,
The utmoſt reliques of the Hell-born night.
This heav'nly ſhield ſoon as it is diſplaid,
Diſmays the vices that abhor the light;
To wanderers by Sea and Land gives aid;
Conquers diſplay, recomforteth affright,
Rowſeth dull Idleneſſe, and ſtarts ſoft ſleep.

And all the world to dayly labour keeps;
This a true Looking-glaſſe impartial,
Where Beauties ſelf, her ſelf doth beautifie
With native hue, not artificial,
Diſcovering falſehood, opening verity;
The days bright eye, colours diſtinction,
Juſt judge of meaſure and proportion.
The only means by which each mortal eye
Sends meſſengers to the wide firmament,
That to the longing ſoul brings preſently
High contemplation and deep wonderment.
By which aſpirement ſhe her wings diſplaies,
And her ſelf thither whence ſhe came uprais'd.

PH. What blew thing's that that's dappled ſo with Stars?

VIS. He repreſents the Heaven.

PH. In my conceit it were pritty if he thundred when he ſpeaks.

VIS. Then none could underſtand him.

COEL. Tropick colours, the Equinoctial,
The Zodiack poles, and line Ecliptical,
The Nadaz, Zenith, and Anomalies,
The Azimeth and Ephemerides,
Stars, Orbs and Planets, with their motions,
The Oriental Regradations,
Excentricks, Epicycles, and---and--and---

PH. How now *Viſus*, is your heaven at a ſtay?
Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him (ſtammer?
I pray you *Memory* ſet him agate again.

MEM.

MEM. I remember when *Jupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold, and lay with his wife *Alemena*, *Cœlum* was in this taking for three daies ſpace, and ſtood ſtill juſt like him at a *non plus*.

COM. SEN. Leave jeſting, youle put the freſh Actor out of countenance.

COEL. Excentricks, Epicycles, and Aſpects,
In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate which effects
Wonders on earth: alſo the Oblique part
Of ſignes that make the day both long and ſhort,
The Conſtellations riſing, Coſmical,
Setting of Stars, Chronick, and Heliacal,
In the Orizon or Meridional,
And all the skill in deep Aſtronomie,
Is to the ſoul derived by the eye.

PH. *Viſus*, you have made *Cœlum* a heavenly ſpeech, paſt earthly capacity, it had been as good for him he had thundred. But I pray you, who taught him to ſpeak and uſe no action; me thinks it had been excellent to have turn'd round about in his ſpeech.

VIS. He hath ſo many motions he knows not which to begin withall.

PH. Nay rather it ſeemes hee's of *Copernicus* opinion, and that makes him ſtand ſtill.

Terra comes to the midſts of the Stage, ſtands ſtill a while, ſaith nothing, and ſteps back.

COM. S. Lets hear what *Terra* can ſay---juſt nothing.

VIS. And't like your Lordſhip, t'were an *indecorum Terra* ſhould ſpeak.

MEM. You are deceived, for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunne, I ſhall never forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the earth opened her mouth wide, and ſpoke a very good ſpeech to *Jupiter*.

ANAM. By the ſame token *Nilus* hid his head then, he could never finde it ſince.

PHA. You know *Memory*, that was an extreme hott day, & 'tis likely *Terra* ſweat much, and ſo tooke cold preſently after, that ever ſince ſhee hath loſt her voice.

HER. A *Cauton Ermines* added to the field, is a ſure ſigne the man that bore theſe Armes, was to his Prince as a defenſive ſhield, ſaving him from the force of preſent Armes.

PHA. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Herauld; many a Centaure, Chimera, Barnacle, Crocodile, Hippotame, & ſuch like toyes, hath he ſtolne out of the ſhop of my Invention, to ſhape new coats for his upſtart Gentlemen. Either *Affrica* muſt breed more monſters, or you make fewer Gentlemen M. *Herauld*; for you have ſpent all my deviſes already; but ſince you are here, let me aſke you a queſtion, in your owne profeſſion; how comes it to paſſe that the victorious Armes of England, quartred with the conquered Coate of France, are not placed on the dexter ſide, but give the flowre-de luce the better hand?

HER. Becauſe that the three Lyons are one coat made of two French Duke-domes, Normandy and

and Aquitaine: but I pray you *Visus*, what Saye is that that follows him?

Vis. 'Tis *Color* an object of mine, subject to his commandement.

Pha. Why speaks he not?

Vis. He is so bashful, he dares not speak for blushing: What thing is that? tel me without delay.

Boy. That's nothing of it self, yet every way
As like a Man, as a thing like may be,
And yet so unlike, as clean contrary;
For in one point it every way doth miss;
The right side of it a mans left side is.
Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall
It fills no place, nor room it is so small.

Com. Sen. How now *Visus*, have you brought a boy with a riddle to pose us all?

Pham. Pose us all? and I here? that were a jest indeed: My Lord, if he have a *Sphinx*, I have an Oedipus, assure your self, lets hear it once again.

Boy. What thing is that Sir?

Pham. This such a knotty *Ænigma*? why my Lord? I think it is a Woman; for first a Woman is nothing of her self, and again she is likest a man of any thing.

Com. Sen. But wherein is she unlike?

Pha. In every thing, in peevishness, in folly.

——'ft Boy.

Hau. In Pride, Deceit, Prating, Lying,

Cogging, Coynes, Spite, Hate. Sir.

PHA. And in many moe such vices: Now he may well say, the left side a mans right side is; for a crosse wife, is alwaies contrary to her husband, ever contradicting what he wisheth for, like to the verse in *Marshall*, *Velle tuum nolo*, Dindime, *nolle volo*.

MEM. *Velle tuum nolo*, Dindime, *nolle volo*.

PHA. Lighter then a feather; doth any man make question of that?

MEM. They need not; for I remember I saw a Cardinal weigh them once, and the Woman was found 3. grains lighter.

COM. SEN. Tis strange; for I have seen Gentlewomen wear Feathers oftentimes; can they carry heavier things then themselves?

MEM. O sir, I remember tis their onely delight to do so.

COM. SEN But how apply you the last verse, it fills no place Sir?

PHA. By my faith, that spoils all the former; for these fardingalls take up all the room now a days; tis not a woman question-lesse; shall I be put down with a Riddle sirrah? *Heuresis* search the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

HEU. Hay εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, I have it, tis a mans face in a Looking Glasse.

PHAN. My Lord, tis so indeed. Sirrah lets see it, for do you see my right eye here?

COM. SEN. What of your eye?

PHA.

PHA. O Lord, ſir, this kind of frowne is excellent, eſpecially when tis ſweetned with ſuch a pleaſing ſmile.

COM. SE. *Phantaſtes.*

PHA. O Sir, my left eye is my right in the glaſs do you ſee? by theſe lips my garters hang ſo neatly, my Gloves and ſhooes become my hands and feet ſo well: *Heureſis*, tie my ſhooes ſtrings with a new knot;----this point was ſcarce well truſt.--ſo, tis excellent.----Looking-glaſſes were a paſſing invention, I proteſt the fitteſt books for Ladies to ſtudy on ———

MEM. Take heed that you fall not in love with your ſelfe *Phantaſtes*, as I remember: *Anamneſtes*, who waſt that died of the looking diſeaſe?

AN. Forſooth *Narciſſus*, by the ſame token he was turn'd to a Daffadill, and as he died for love of himſelf, ſo if you remember there was an old ill-favoured, precious-noſed, babber-lipt, beetle-browed, bleer-eyd, ſlouch-eard ſlave that looking himſelf by chance in a Glaſs, died for pure hate.

PHA. By the lip of my--I could live and die with this face.

COM. SEN, Fie fie! *Phantaſtes*, ſo effeminate, for ſhame leave off. *Viſus*, your objects I muſt needs ſay are admirable if the houſe and inſtrument be anſwerable, lets hear therefore in briefe your deſcription ———

VIS. Under the fore-head of mount *Cephalon*,

That

That over-peers the coast of *Microcosme*,
All in the shadow of two pleasant groves,
Stand my two mansion houses, both as round,
As the cleare heavens, both twins as like each other;
As star to star, which by the vulgar sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are named the bright eyes of mount *Cephalon*:
With four fair roomes those lodgings are contrived.
Four goodly rooms in form most spherical,
Closing each other like the heavenly orbes:
The first whereof, of Natures substance wrought,
As a strange moat the other to defend,
Is trained moveable by Art divine,
Stirring the whole compacture of the rest;
The second chamber is most curiously
Composed of burnisht, and transparent horn.

PHAN. That's a matter of nothing, I have known many have such bed-chambers.

MEM. It may be so, for I remember being once in the towns Library, I read such a thing, in their great book of monuments called Cornucopia, or rather their copia-Cornu.

VIS. The third's a lesser room of purest glass;
The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former
In worth of matter, built most sumptuously,
With walls transparent of pure Christalline.
This the souls mirrour and the bodies guide,
Loves Cabinet, bright beacons of the Realm,
Casements of light, quiver of Cupids shafts:
Wherein

Wherein I sit and immediately receive
The *species* of things corporeal,
Keeping continual watch and centinel:
Least forrain hurt invade our *Microcosme*,
And warning give, (if pleasant things approach)
To entertain them from this costly room;
Leadeth my Lord an entrie to your house;
Through which I hourly to your self convay
Matters of wisdome by experience bred:
Arts first invention, pleasant vision,
Deep contemplation, that attires the soul,
In gorgeous roabes of flowering literature:
Then if that *Visus* have deserved best,
Let his victorious brow, with Crown be blest.

COM. SEN. *Anamnestes*, see who's to come next.

ANA. Presently my Lord.

PHAN. *Visus*, I wonder that amongst all your objects, you presented us not with *Platoes Idea*, or the sight of *Ninivie*, *Babylon*, *London*, or some Sturbridge fair-monsters; they would have done passing well, those motions in my imagination are very delightful.

VIS. I was loth to trouble your honours with such toies, neither could I provide them in so short a time.

COM. SEN. We will consider your worth; mean while we dismiss you.

Visus leads his show about the stage, and so goeth out with it.

ACT. 3. SCEN. *ultima.*

AUDITUS, &c.

AUD. Heark, heark, heark, heark, peace, peace, O peace; O ſweet, admirable, Swanlike heavenly! heark, O moſt mellifluous ſtrain; O what a pleaſant cloſe was there; O full, moſt delicate

COM. SEN. How now *Phantaſtes*, is *Auditus* mad?

PHAN. Let him alone, his muſical head is always full of od crotchets.

AUD. Did you mark the dainty driving of the laſt point? an excellent maintaining of the ſong by the choice timpan of mine ear! I never heard a better; hiſt, ſt, ſt; heark, why there's a cadence able to raviſh the dulleſt Stoick.

COM. SEN. I know not what to think on him.

AUD. There how ſweetly the pliane-ſong was diſſolved into deſcant, and how eaſily they came off with the laſt reſt! heark, heark, the bitter ſweeteſt Acromatick.

COM. SEN. *Auditus.*

AUD. Thanks good *Apollo* for this timely grace; never couldſt thou in fitter: O more then moſt muſical harmony; O moſt admirable conſort! have you no ears? do you not hear this muſick?

PHAN. It may be good, but in my opinion they reſt too long in the beginning.

AUD.

Aud. Are you then deaf? do you not yet perceive the wondrous ſound the heavenly orbs do make with their continual motion! heark, heark, O honey ſweet!

Com. Sen. What tune do they play?

Aud. Why ſuch a tune as never was, nor never ſhall be heard; mark now, now mark, now, now.

Phan. Liſt, liſt, liſt.

Aud. Heark, O ſweet, ſweet, ſweet!

Phan. Liſt, how my heart envies my happy ears! hiſht, by the gold ſtrung Harp of *Apollo*, I hear the celeſtial muſick of the ſphears, as plainly as ever *Pythagoras* did; O moſt excellent diapaſon, good, good, good! It plaies Fortune my to eas diſtinctly as may be.

Com. S. As the fool thinketh, ſo the Bell clinketh; I proteſt I hear no more then a poſt.

Phan. What, the Lavalta hay? nay, if the heavens fiddle, *Phanſie* muſt needs dance.

Com. S. Prethee ſit ſtill, thou muſt dance nothing but the paſſing meaſures. *Memory*, do you hear this harmony of the ſphears?

Mem. Not now my Lord, but I remember about ſome 4000. years ago, when the skie was firſt made, we heard very perfectly.

Ana. By the ſame token the firſt tune the Planets played, I remember *Venus* the Treble ran ſweet diviſion upon *Saturn* the Baſe: The firſt tune they played was *Sellengers* round, in memory whereof ever ſince it hath been called the beginning of the world.

Com. S.

COM.S. How comes it we cannot hear it now?

MEM. Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound, that we never mark it. As I remember, the *Egyptian* Catadupes never heard the roaring of the fall of *Nilus*, because the noise was so familiar unto them.

COM.S. Have you no other objects to judge by then these, *Auditus?*

AUD. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelical;
But since your duller ears cannot perceive it,
May it please your Lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring Grove, there shall you see
How the sweet Treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubling brook,
Becomes a consort of good instruments;
While twenty babling ecchoes round about,
Out of the stony concave of their mouth,
Restore the vanish't musick of each close,
And fill your ears full of redoubled pleasure.

COM.S. I will walk with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come Master *Register* and Master *Phantastes*.

Finis Act. 3. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act. 4.

Act. 4. Scena. 1.

MEMDACIO, ANAMNESTES, HEURESIS.

MEN. Prethee Nan be perſwaded; is't not better go to a feaſt then ſtay here for a fray?

ANA. A feaſt? doſt think *Auditus* will make the Judges a feaſt?

MEN. Faith I, why ſhould he carry them to his houſe elſe?

ANA. Why ſirra, to hear a ſet or two of ſongs; did his banquets are nothing but fiſh, all ſoll, ſoll, ſoll? Ile teach thee wit boy, never go me to a Muſitians houſe for Junkets, unleſſe thy ſtomach ſies in thine ears; for there is nothing but commending this ſongs delicate air, that motets dainty air; this ſonnets ſweet air, that madrigals melting air; this dirgeſſe mournful air, this Church-air, that Chamber-air; *French* air, *Engliſh* air, *Italian* air; why Lad, they be pure Chamelions, they feed only upon the air.

MEN. Chamelions? Ile be ſworn, ſome of your Fidlers be rather Cammels, for by their good wills they will never leave eating.

ANA. True, and good reaſon, for they do nothing all the day but ſtretch and grate their ſmall guts: But oh, yonders the Ape *Heureſis*: let me go I prethee.

MEN. Nay, good now ſtay a little, let's ſee his humour.

HEU.

HEU. I see no reason to the contrary; for we see the quintessense of Wine will convert Water into Wine; why therefore should not the Elixar of gold turn lead into pure gold?

MEN. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turned Chymick sirra, it seems so by his talk.

HEU. But how shall I devise to blow the fire of Beech-coals with a continual and equall blast? ha? I will have my bellows driven with a wheel, which wheel shall be a self mover.

ANA. Here's old turning, these Chymicks seeking to turn lead into gold, turn away all their own Silver.

HEU. And my wheel shall be Geometrically proportioned into seaven or nine concave incircled armes, wherein I will put equall poises; hai, hai, hai, εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, I have it, I have it, I have it,

MEN. *Heuresis?*

HEU. But what's best to contain the Quicksilver? ha?

ANA. Do you remember your promise *Heuresis?*

HEU. It must not be Iron, for Quick-silver is the tyrant of mettals, and will soon fret it.

ANA. *Heuresis? Heuresis?*

HEU. Nor Brasse, nor Copper, nor Mastlin, nor Mineral, εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, I have it, I have it, it must be

ANA. You have indeed sirra, and thus much more then you looked for *(snap.)* (Heuresis *and* Anamnestes *about to fight, but* Mendacio *parts them.*)

MEN.

Mem. You shall not fight, but if you will always disagree, let us have words and no blows; *Heureſis*, what reason have you to fall out with him?

Heu. Because he is always abusing me, and takes the upper hand of me everywhere.

Ana. And why not sirra? I am thy better in any place.

Heu. Have I been the Author of the seven liberal Sciences, and consequently of all learning? have I been the patron of all Mechanical devises, to be thy inferiour? I tell thee *Anamneſtes*, thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

Ana. Good, good, but what had your invention been, but for my remembrance? I can prove that thou belly-sprung invention art the most improfitable member in the world; for ever since thou wert born thou hast been a bloody murtherer, and thus I prove it; In the quiet years of *Saturn* (I remember *Jupiter* was then but in his swath-bands) thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughtst Gold to light, whose beauty (like *Hellen*) set all the world by the ears; then upon that thou foundest out Iron, and putteſt weapons in their hands; and now in the last populous age, thou taught'st a scab-shin Frier the hellish invention of powder and Guns.

Heu. Cal'st it hellish? thou lieſt, it is the most admirableſt invention of all others; for whereas

 others

others imitate nature, this excells nature her selfe.

Mem. True, for a Cannon will kill as many at one shot, as *Thunder* doth commonly at twenty.

Ana. Therefore more murthering art thou then the light bole.

Hau. But to shew the strength of my conceit, I have found out a means to withstand the stroak of the most violent culvering: *Mendacio*, thou saweſt it when I demonstrated invention.

Ana. What some wool-packs, or mudwalls? or such like?

Hau. *Mendacio*, I prethee tell it him, for I love not to be a trumpeter of mine own praises.

Mem. I must needs confesse this devise to passe all that ever I heard or saw; and thus it was. First, he takes a Faulcon and charges it without all deceits, with dry powder well canphred; then did he put in a single bullet, and a great quantity of drop-shot, both round and lachrimal; this done he sets me a boy sixty paces off, just point blank over against the mouth of the peece; now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, upon which he hangs me in a cord, a Siderite of Herculean stone.

Ana. Well, well, I know it well; it was found out in *Ida*, in the year of the world---by one *Magnes*, whose name it retains, though vulgarly they call it the Adamant.

Mem. When he had hang'd this Adamant in a cord,

cord, he comes back and gives fire to the touch-hole, now the powder consumed to avoid vacuum.

Hen. Which is intolerable in nature; for first shall the whole Machin of the World, Heaven, Earth, Sea and Air, return to the mishapen house of Chaos, then the least vacuum be found in the universe.

Men. The bullet and drop-shot most impetuously from the fiery throat of the Culvering (but oh strange) no sooner came they near the Adamant in the cord, but they were all arested by the Sargent of Nature, and hovered in the Air round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the stone in most lovely manner, and not any one flew to indanger the mark; so much did they remember their duty to Nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

Ana. This is a very artificial lye.

Men. *Now*, believe it, for I saw it; and which is more, I have practiced this devise often: Once when I had a quarrel with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaves, and had pointed him the field, I conveyed into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met I drew all the foins of his Rapier whether soever he intended them, or howsoever I guided mine arm, pointed still to the midst of my Buckler, so that by this means I hurt the Knave mortally, and my self came away untoucht, to the wonder of all the beholders.

ANA. Sirra you ſpeak Metaphorically, becauſe thy wit *Mendacio* always draws mens objections to thy fore-thought excuſes.

HEU. *Anamneſtes*, 'tis true, and I have an addition to this, which is to make the bullet ſhot from the enemy, to return immediately upon the Gunner; but let all this paſſe, and ſay the worſt thou canſt againſt me.

ANA. I ſay Guns were found out for the quick diſpatch of mortality; and when thou ſaweſt men grow wiſe, and beget ſo fair a child as Peace, of ſo foul and deformed a mother as War, leaſt there ſhould be no murther, thou deviſedſt poyſon.

MEN. Nay, fie *Nam*, urge him not too far.

ANA. And laſt and worſt, thou foundſt out cookery, that kills more then weapons, guns, wars or poyſons, and would deſtroy all, but that thou inventedſt *Phyſick*, that helps to make away ſome.

HEU. But ſirra, beſides all this, I deviſed Pillories for ſuch forging villains as thy ſelf.

ANA. Cal'ſt me villain?

(*They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.*)

MEN. You ſhall not fight as long as I am here; give over I ſay.

HEU. *Mendacio*, you offer me great wrong to hold me, in good faith I ſhall fall out with you.

MEN. Away, away, away, you are Invention, are you not?

HEU. Yes Sir, what then?

MEN.

MEN. And you Remembrance?

AN. Well ſir, well.

MEN. Then I will be *Judicium*, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends; come, come, ſhake hands, ſhake hands.

HEU. Well, well, if you will needs have it ſo;

ANA. I am in ſome ſort content.

Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the hands.

MEN. Why this is as it ſhould be, when *Mendacio* hath *Invention* on the one hand, and *Remembrance* on the other, as hee'l be ſure never to be found with Truth in his mouth, ſo he ſcorns to be taken in a lye; hai, hai, hai, my fine waggs whiſt?

AN. Whiſt.

HEU. Whiſt.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Communis Senſus, Memory, Phantaſtes, Heureſis, Anamneſtes take their places on the bench, as before; Auditus on the ſtage, a Page before him bearing his target, the field ſable, an heart or, next him Tragedus apparelled in black velvet, fair buskins, a ſanchion, &c. then Comedus in a light coloured green taffata robe, ſilk ſtockings, pumps, gloves, &c.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, &c.

COM. They had some reason that held the soul a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with musique; how fast we were tyed by the ears to the consort of voices powder; but all is but a little pleasure, what profitable objects hath he?

PH. Your ears will teach you presently, for now he is comming, that fellow in the bayes me thinks I should have known him; ô tis *Comedus*, tis so, but he is become now a daies something humerous, and too too, Satyrical, up and down like his great grand-father *Aristophanes*.

AN. These two my Lord, *Comedus* & *Tragedus*,
My fellows both, both, twins, but so unlike,
As birth to death, wedding to funeral:
For this that rears himself in buskins quaint,
Is ple asant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumpes doth frown at first acquaintance,
Trouble the midst, but in the end concludes,
Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe?
This grave and sad disdain with brinish tears,
That light and quick with wrinkled laughter painted;
This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperours:
Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprises;
This

This other trades with men of mean condition;
His projects ſmall, ſmall hopes and dangers little.
This gorgeous broidered with rich ſentences:
That fair and purfled round with merriments:
Both vice detect, and vertue beautifie,
By being deaths mirrour, and lifes looking-glaſs.

Com. *Salutem jam primum a principio propitiam,*
Mihi atque vobis ſpectatores nuntio.

Ph. Piſh, piſh, this is a ſpeech with no action, lets hear Terence, *Quid igitur faciam, &c.*

Com. *Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc*
quidem cum accuſor ultro?

Ph. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me your baies, do it thus, *Quid igitur, &c.* (he acts it after the old kinde of *Pantomimick* action.)

Com. S. I ſhould judge this action *Phantaſtes*, moſt abſurd, unleſſe we ſhould come to a Commody, as Gentlewomen to the Commencement, only to ſee men ſpeak.

Ph. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this kinde the hand (you know) is harbinger to the tongue, and provides the words a lodging in the ears of the Auditors.

Com. S. *Auditio*, it is now time you make us acquainted with the quality of the houſe you keep in, for our better help in judgement.

Aud. Upon the ſides of fair mount *Cephalon*,
Have I two houſes paſſing humane skill;
Of finest matter by divine nature wrought,
Whose learned fingers have adorn'd the ſame

With gorgeous porches of so strange a form,
That they command the passingers to stay;
The dores whereof in hospitality,
Nor day, nor night are shut, but open wide,
Gently invite all commers; whereupon
They are named the open ears of *Ceptalon*.
But least some bolder sound should boldly rush,
And break the nice composture of the work,
The skilful builder wisely hath inrang'd
An entry from each port with curious twins,
And crookt Meanders, like the labyrinth
That *Dedalus* fram'd to inclose the Minotaur;
At end whereof is placed a costly portal,
Resembling much the figure of a drum,
Granting slow entrance to a private closet;
Where dayly with a Mallet in my hand,
Het and frame all words and sounds that come,
Upon an Anvile, and so make them fit
For the perewinckling poor; that winding leads
From my close chamber to your Lordships Cell.
Thither do I chief Justice of all accents,
Psyches next porter, *Microcosmes* front,
Learnings rich treasure, bring discipline,
Reasons discourse, knowledge of forraign states,
Lowd fame of great *Heroes* vertuous deeds,
The marrow of grave speeches, and the flowers
Of quickest Wits, neat Jests, and pure Conceits,
And often times to ease the heavy burthen
Of government your Lordships shoulders bear,
I thither do conduct the pleasing Nuptials

Of ſweeteſt inſtruments with heavenly noiſe;
If then *Auditus* have deſerv'd the beſt,
Let him be dignifi'd before the reſt.

COM. S. *Auditus*, I am almoſt a Sceptick in this matter, ſcarce knowing which way the ballance of the cauſe will decline, when I have heard the reſt, I will diſpatch judgement; mean while you may depart.

Auditus leads the ſhow about the ſtage, and then goes out.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 3.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, Memoria, Phantaſtes, Anamneſtes, Heureſis *as before*, Olfactus *in a garland of ſeveral flowers, a Page before him, bearing his target, his field* vert, *a bound argent, two Boyes with caſting bottels, and two with cenſers with incenſe, another with a velvet cuſhion ſtucke with flowers, another with a basket of herbs, another with a box of Ointments.* Olfactus *leads them about, and making obeyſance preſents them before the bench.*

1. BOY. Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this, take an ounce of the pureſt garden mould, cleanſed and ſteeped ſeven dales in change of mother-leſſe roſe Water, then take the beſt Ladanum, Benioine, both Storaxes, Ambergreece,

and

and Civet, and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please; this if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smel as sweet as my Ladies dog.

Pu. This Boy it should seem represent Odor, he is so perfect a perfumer.

Odor. I do my Lord, and have at my command,
The smell of flowers and Odoriferous drugs,
Of ointments sweet, and excellent perfumes,
And Court-like waters, which if once you smell,
You in your heart will wish as I suppose,
That all your Body were transformed to Nose.

Pu. *Olfactus* of all the Senses, your objects have the worst luck, they are alwaies jarring with their contraries; for none can wear Civet, but they are suspected of a proper bad sent: where the Proverb springs, He smelleth best, that doth of nothing smell.

ACT. 4. SCENA 4.

The bench and Olfactus *as before,* Tobacco *apparelled in a taffata mantle, his armes brown and naked, buskins made of the pilling of Oisters, his necke bare, hung with Indian leaves, his face brown, painted with blew stripes, in his nose fower teeth, on his head a painted wicker crown, with Tobacco pipes set in it, plumes of Tobacco leaves, led by two Indian Boyes naked, with tapers in their hands, Tobacco pipes and pipes lighted.*

Pu.

PH. Foh, foh, what a ſmell is here? is this one of your delightful objects?

OLF. It is your onely ſent in requeſt Sir.

COM. SEN. What fiery fellow is that, which ſmokes ſo much in the mouth?

OLF. It is the great and puiſſant god of Tobacco

TOB. *Ladoch guevarroh pufuer ſhelvaro haggon, Olfia di quauon, Indi cortilo uraggon.*

PH. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of the Antipodes.

MEM. No I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians ſpake, that lived long before the Moon.

CO. SEN. What ſignifies it *Olfactus*?

OKF. This is the mighty Emperour Tobacco, King of Trinidado, that in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their ſmoke.

TOB. *Erfrouge inglues conde bifingo,*
Develin floſcoth ma pu cocthinge.

OLF. Expeller of Catarhes, baniſher of all agues, your guts onely ſalve for the green wounds of a *non-plus*. (*tam ka famala*

TOB. *Al vuleam vercu, I parda pora ſi de gra-*
Mara, che Bauho reſpartera, quirara?

OLF. Sonne to the god *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kin to the father of Mirth, called *Bacchus*?

TOB. *Viſcardouch, pilloſtuphe, parcano tinaro-*
Pagi dagen ſtolliſmſe, carecibato ſcribas. (*magas,*

OLF.

Olf. Genius of all Swaggerers, groſſeſt enemy to Phyſitians, ſweet ointment for ſowr teeth, firm knot of good fellowſhip, Adamant of Company, ſwift wind to ſpread the wings of Time, hated of none but thoſe that know him not, and of ſo great deſerts, that who ſo is acquainted with him, can hardly forſake him.

Pu. It ſeems theſe laſt words were very ſignificant, I promiſe you a god of great denomination; he may be my Lord Traps for his large Titles.

Co. S. But forward *Olfactus*, as they have done before you, with your deſcription.

Olf. Juſt in the midſt of *Cephalons* round face
As 'twere a frontiſ-piece unto the hill,
Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly diſ-parted with two precious vaults,
The roofs whereof moſt richly are inclos'd
With Orient Pearls, and ſparkling Diamonds:
Beſet at the end with Emeralds and Turchois,
And Rubies red and flaming Chryſolits,
At upper end whereof in coſtly manner,
I lay my head between two ſpungeous pillowes,
Like fair *Adonis* twixt the paps of *Venus*,
Where I conducting in and out the wind,
Daily examine all the ayr inſpir'd.
By my pure ſearching, if it be pure,
And fit to ſerve the lungs with lively breath:
Hence do I likewiſe miniſter perfume
Unto the neighbour brain, perfumes of force.

To cleanſe your head, and make your fantaſie
To refine wit, and ſharp invention,
And ſtrengthen memory, from whence it came,
That old devotion Incenſe did ordain
To make mans ſpirit more apt for things divine;
Beſides a thouſand more commodities,
In lieu whereof your Lordſhips I requeſt,
Give me the Crown if I deſerve it beſt.

Olfactus leads his company about the Stage, and goes out.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 5.

The Bench as before: a Page with a ſhield argent, an Ape proper with an apple, then Guſtus *with a cornu-copia in his hand,* Bacchus *in a Garland of leaves and Grapes, a white ſute, and over it a thin ſarſenet to his foot, in his hand a ſpear wreathed with vine leaves, on his arm a Target with a Tiger,* Ceres *with a Crown of ears of corn, in a yellow ſilk robe, a bunch of poppy in her hand, a ſchutcheon charged with a Dragon.*

COM. SEN. In good time *Guſtus*, have you brought your objects?

GUST. My ſervant *Appetitus* followeth with them.

AP. Come, come *Bacchus*, you are ſo fat; enter, enter.

PH. Fie, fie *Guſtus*, this is a great indecorum to

bring *Bacchus* alone, you should have made Thirſt led him by the hand.

Gus. Right Sir, but men now a days drink often when they be not drie; beſides I could not get red herings, and neat tongues enough to apparel him in.

Com. S. What, never a ſpeech of him.

Gus. I put an *Octave* of *Iambicks* in his mouth, and he hath drunk it down.

Ap. Well done, Muſcadine and Eggs ſtand hot; what butter'd Claret? go thy way thou hadſt beſt, for blind men that cannot ſee how wickedly thou lookſt---how now, what ſmall thin fellow are you here? ha.

Boy. Beer forſooth, beer forſooth.

Ap. Beer forſooth? get you gone to the buttery till I call for you; you are none of *Bacchus* attendants I am ſure, he cannot indure the ſmell of Mault. Where is *Ceres*? oh well, well, is the March-pane broken? ill luck, ill luck; come hang'e, never ſtand to ſet it together again; ſerve out fruit there; (*Enter Boys with a Banket, Marmolet, ſweet, &c. deliver it round among the Gentlewomen, and go out*) What do you come with roſtmeat after Apples? away with it: Digeſtion, ſerve out Cheeſe; what, but a penny worth? it is juſt the meaſure of his noſe that ſold it; lambs wool? the meekeſt neat in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snap-dragon there.

Mer. O I remember this diſh well, it was

firſt

first invented by *Pluto*, to entertain *Proserpina* withal.

Pu. I think not so *Memory*; for when *Hercules* had kill'd the flaming Dragon of *Hesperia*, with the Apples of that Orchard he made this fiery meat, in memory whereof he named it Snap-dragon.

Com. S. *Gustus*, lets hear your description.

Gus. Near to the lowly base of *Cephalon*
My house is plac'd, not much unlike a Cave;
Yet archt above by wondrous workmanship,
With hewen stones wrought smoother and more fine
Then Jeat or Marble fair from *Island* brought.
Over the door directly doth incline
A fair Percullis of compacture strong,
To shut out all that may annoy the state
Or health of *Microcosme*; and within
Is spread a long board like a plyant tongue,
At which I hourly sit, and trial take
Of meats and drinks needful and delectable;
Twice every day do I provision make
For the sumptuous kitchin of the Commonwealth
Which once well boyl'd is soon distributed
To all the members, well refreshing them
With good supply of strength-renewing food;
Should I neglect this musing diligence,
The body of the Realm would ruinate;
Your self my Lord with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preserve your self;
Nor

Nor you *Phantaſtes*, nor you *Memorie*;
Pſyche her ſelf, were't not that I repair
Her crazie houſe with props of nouriſhment,
Would ſoon forſake us; for whoſe dear ſake
Many a grievous pain have I ſuſtain'd
By bitter pills, and ſour purgations,
Which if I had not valiantly abidden,
She had been long ere this departed.
Since the whole *Microcoſme* I maintain,
Let me as Prince above the Senſes reign.

COM.S. The reaſons you urge *Guſtus*, breed a new doubt whether it be better to be commodious or neceſſary; the reſolution whereof I refer to your judgement, licenſing you mean while to depart. (*Guſtus leads his ſhew about the Stage, and goes out.*)

ACTUS. 4. SCENA. 6.

The bench as before: TACTUS, *a Page bearing his Scutcheon, a Torteſſe ſables.*

TAC. Ready anon forſooth? the Divel ſhe will.
Who would be toyl'd with wenches in a ſhew?

COM.S. What in ſuch anger *Tactus*? what's the matter?

TAC. My Lord, I had thought as other Senſes did,
By ſight of objects to have prov'd my worth;
Wherefore conſidering that all the things
That pleaſe me moſt, women are counted chief;

I had thought to have repreſented in my ſhew,
The Queen of pleaſure, *Venus* and her Son,
Leading a Gentleman enamored,
With his ſweet touching of his Miſtreſſe lips,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And divers pleaſant reliſhes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chaſtity.

PH. *Tactus*, of all I long to ſee your objects;
How comes it we have loſt thoſe pretty ſports?

TAC. Thus 'tis, five hours ago I ſet a douzen maids to atire a boy like a nice Gentlewoman, but there is ſuch doing with their looking-glaſſes, pinning, unpinning, ſetting, unſetting, formings and conformings, painting blew vains, and cheeks; ſuch ſtir with Sticks and Combs, Caſcanets, Dreſſings, Purles, Falles, Squares, Buskes, Bodies, Scarffs, Neck-laces, Carcanets, Rebatoes, Borders, Tires, Fans, Palizadoes, Puffs, Ruffs, Cuffs, Muffs, Puſſles, Fuſſles, Partlets, Friſlets, Bandlets, Fillets, Croſſets, Pendulets, Amulets, Annulets, Bracelets, and ſo many lets, that yet ſhe is ſcarce dreſt to the girdle; and now there's ſuch calling for Fardingales, Kirtlets, Buſk-points, ſhoo-ties, &c. that ſeven Pedlers ſhops, nay all Sturbridge Faire will ſcarce furniſh her: a ſhip is ſooner rigd by farre, then a Gentlewoman made ready.

PHA. 'Tis ſtrange, that women being ſo mutable, will never change in changing their apparell?

Com. S. Well let them paſſe; *Tactus* we are content, To know your dignity by relation.

Tac. The inſtrument of inſtruments the hand,
Courteſies index, Chamberlane to Nature,
The bodies Souldier, and mouths Caterer,
Pyſches great Secretarie, the dumbs eloquence;
The blindmans Candle, and his forheads Buckler,
The miniſter of wrath, and friendſhips ſign,
This is my inſtrument: nevertheleſs my power
Extends it ſelf, far as our Queen commands,
Through all the parts and climes of *Microcoſme*.
I am the root of life ſpreading my vertue
By ſinews that extend from head to foot,
To every living part.
For as a ſubtle Spider cloſely ſitting,
In center of her web that ſpreddeth round,
If the leaſt Flie but touch the ſmalleſt thred,
She feels it inſtantly; ſo doth my ſelf,
Caſting my ſlender nerve and ſundry nets,
Over every particle of all the body,
By proper skill perceive the difference,
Of ſeveral qualities, hot, cold, moiſt and drie;
Hard, ſoft, rough, ſmooth, clammy and ſlippery.
Sweet pleaſure, and ſharp pain profitable,
That makes us wounded ſeek for remedy;
By theſe means do I teach the Body flie,
From ſuch bad things as may indanger it;
A wall of braſs can be no more defence,
Unto a town then I to *Microcoſme*;
Tell me what ſenſe is not beholding to me;

The

The nose is hot or cold, the eyes do weep;
The ears do feel, the taſt's a kind of touching,
That when I pleaſe, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them:
I am the eldeſt, and biggeſt of all the reſt,
The chiefeſt note, and firſt diſtinction
Betwixt a living tree and living beaſt;
For though one hear, and ſee, and ſmell, and taſt,
If he wants touch, he is counted but a block?
Therefore my Lord grant me the royalty;
Of whom there is ſuch great neceſſity.
COM. S. *Tactus* ſtand aſide; you ſirra *Anamneſtes*
Tell the Senſes we expect their appearance.
AN. At you Lordſhips pleaſure; *Exit Anamneſtes.*

ACTUS. 4. SCENA. 7.

COM. SEN. PHA. MEM. HEU. ANA. *Upon the bench conſulting among themſelves:* VIS. TAC. GUST. *and* OLF. *every one with his ſhield upon his arm;* LINGUA *and* MENDACIO *with them.*

COM. S. Though you deſerve no ſmall puniſhment for theſe uproars, yet at the requeſt of theſe my aſſiſtants I remit it, and by the power of Judgment our gracious ſoveraign Pſuche hath given me, Thus I determine of your controverſies: hum? By your former objects, inſtruments and reaſons, I conceive the ſtate of *Senſe* to be divided into two parts, one of commodity, the other

of neceſſity, both which are either for our Queen or for our country; but as the Soul is more excellent then the Body, ſo are the *Senſes* that profit the Soul to be eſtimated before thoſe that are needful for the Body; *Viſus* and *Auditus* ſerve your ſelves; Maſter *Regiſter*, give me the crown; becauſe it is better to be well, then ſimply to be; therefore I judge the crown by right to belong to you of the Commodities part, and the robe to you of the Neceſſities ſide: and ſince you *Viſus* are the author of invention, and you *Auditus* of increaſe and addition to the ſame; ſeeing it is more excellent to invent, then to augment; I eſtabliſh you *Viſus* the better of the two, and chief of all the reſt; in token whereof, I beſtow upon you this crown to wear at your liberty.

VIS. I moſt humbly thank your Lordſhips.

COM. S. But leſt I ſhould ſeem to neglect you *Auditus*, I here chuſe you to be the Lords Intelligencer to *Pſuche* her Majeſty, and you *Olfactus*, we beſtow upon you the chief Prieſthood of *Microcoſme*, perpetually to offer incenſe in her Majeſties temple: As for you *Tactus*, upon your reaſons aleaged, I beſtow upon you the robes.

TACT. I accept it moſt gratefully at your juſt hands, and will wear it in the dear remembrance of your good Lordſhip.

COM. S. And laſtly, *Guſtus*, we elect you *Pſuche* her onely Taſter, and great Purveior for all her dominions, both by ſea and land, in her realm, of *Microcoſme*.

GUS.

Gus. We thank your Lordſhip, and reſt well content with equal arbitrement.

Co. S. Now for you *Lingua.*

Lin. I beſeech your Honour let me ſpeak, I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Co. S. I cannot ſtay ſo long; we have conſulted about you, and finde your caſe to ſtand upon theſe terms and conditions. The number of the *Senſes* in this little world is anſwerable to the firſt bodies in the great world: now ſince there be but five in the Univerſe, the four elements and the pure ſubſtance of the heavens, therefore there can be but five Senſes in our *Microcoſm*, correſpondent to thoſe, as the ſight to the heavens, hearing to the air, touching to the earth, ſmelling to the fire, taſting to the water; by which five means only the underſtanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all corporal ſubſtances: wherefore we judge you to be no *Senſe* ſimply; onely thus much we from henceforth pronounce, that all women for your ſake, ſhall have ſix *Senſes*, ſeeing, hearing, taſting, ſmelling, touching, and the laſt and feminine ſenſe, the ſenſe of ſpeaking.

Gus. I beſeech your Lordſhips and your Aſſiſtants, (the only cauſe of our friendſhip) to grace my table with your moſt welcome preſence this night at ſupper.

Com. S. I am ſorry I cannot ſtay with you, you know we may by no means omit our dayly at-

tendance at the Court, therefore I pray you pardon us.

Gus. I hope I ſhall not have the denial at your hands, my Maſters, and you my Lady *Lingua*; come let us drown all our anger in a bowl of Hippocras.

Exeunt Senſus omnes exteriores.

Com. S. Come Maſter *Regiſter*, ſhall we walk?

Mem. I pray you ſtay a little, let me ſee; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pha. How now *Memory*, ſo merry? what do you trouble your ſelf with two paſſies at once, ſhaking and laughing?

Mem. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that men will ſo confidently oppoſe themſelves againſt *Plato*'s great year.

Pha. Why not?

Mem. 'Tis as true an opinion as need be; for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000. years ago all we were in this very place, and your Lordſhip judged the very ſame controverſie, after the very ſame manner, in all reſpects, and circumſtances alike.

Com. S. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange!

Ana. By the ſame token you held your ſtaff in you right hand, juſt as you do now, and Mr. *Phantaſtes* ſtood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you ſee him.

Pha. I, but I did not give you a box on the ear ſirra 49000. years ago, did I? (ſnap)

Ana.

AMA. I do not remember that Sir.

PHA. This time *Plato*'s twelve month to come, look you ſave your cheeks better.

CO. S. But what entertainment had we at Court for our long ſtaying?

MEM. Lets go, Ile tell you as we walk.

PHA. If I do not ſeem pranker now, then I did in thoſe days, Ile be hang'd.

Exeunt omnes interiores Senſus manet Lingua.

ACTUS. 4. SCENA. 8.

LINGUA. MENDACIO.

LI Why this is good by common Senſes means;
Lingua, thou haſt framed a perfect comedy,
They are all good friends whom thou mad'ſt ene-
(mies,
And I am half a Senſe; a ſweet piece of ſervice,
I promiſe you a fair ſtep to preferment.
Was this the care and labour thou haſt taken,
To bring thy foes together to a banquet
To loſe thy Crown, and be deluded thus?
Well now I ſee my cauſe is deſperate,
The judgements paſt, ſentence irrevocable;
Therefore Ile be content and clap my hands,
And give a *Plaudite* to their proceedings:
What ſhall I leave my hate begun imperfect,
So fouly vanquiſht by the ſpiteful Senſes?
Shall I the Embaſſadreſſe of gods and men,

That pull'd proud *Phœbe* from her brightſome (ſphear,
And dark'd *Apoll.*'s countenance with a word,
Raiſing at pleaſure ſtorms, and winds, and earth-(quakes,
Be overcrow'd, and breath without revenge?
Yet they forſooth baſe ſlaves muſt be preferred,
And deck themſelves with my right ornaments;
Doth the all-knowing *Phœbus* ſee this ſhame
Without redreſſe? will not Heavens help me?
Then ſhall Hell do it, my enchanting tongue
Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
From the Pole Artick, to dark *Acheron*.
Ile make them know mine anger is not ſpent,
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
Mendacio, come hither quickly ſirra.

MEN. Madam.

LING. Heark hither in thine ear.

MEN. Why do you whiſh thus? here's none to hear you.

LING. I dare not truſt theſe ſecrets to the Earth, ere ſince ſhe brought forth Reeds, whoſe babling noiſe told all the world of *Midas* Aſſes ears, (*She whiſpers him in the ear*) Doſt underſtand me?

MEN. I, I, I,---never fear that---there's a jeſt indeed---piſh, piſh,---Madam---do you think me ſo fooliſh?---tut, tut, doubt not:

LING. Tell her if ſhe do not.

MEN. Why do you make any queſtion of it---- what

what a ſtir is here ---I warrant you---preſently?
Exit Mendacio?

LIN. Well, Ile to ſupper, and ſo cloſely cover
The ruſtie canker of mine Iron ſpight,
With golden foil of goodly ſemblances;
But if I do not trounce them--- *Exit Lingua.*

Finis Act. 4.

Act. 5. Scena. 1.

MENDACIO *with a Bottle in his hand.*

MEN. My Lady *Lingua* is juſt like one of theſe lean-witted *Comedians*, who diſturbing all to the fift Act, bring down ſome *Mercuries* or *Jupiter* in an Engine, to make all friends: So ſhe, but in a contrary manner, ſeeing her former plots diſpurpoſed, ſends me to an old Witch called *Acraſia*, to help to wreak her ſpight upon the Senſes; the old hag after many an incricled circumſtance, and often naming of the direful *Hecate*, and *Demogorgon*, gives me this bottle of Wine mingled with ſuch helliſh druggs and forcible words, that whoſoever drinks of it ſhall be preſently poſſeſt with an enraged and mad kind of anger.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, CRAPULA, APPETITUS *crying.*

MEND. What's this *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of doors? ha!

CRAP. You filthy long Crane, you meager slave, will you kill our guests with blowing continuall hunger in them? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe) the Senses have overcharged their stomacks already, and you Sirra serve them up a fresh appetite with every new dish; they had burst their guts if thou hadst staid but a thought longer? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe,) be gon or Ile set thee away; begon ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone rascall.

MEND. Then my devise is clean spoiled. *Appetitus* should have been as the bowle to present this medicine to the Senses, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of doors? what shall I do?

CRAP. Away Sirra, (tiff toff, tiff, &c.

AP. Well *Crapula*, well, I have deserved better as your hands then so, I was the man you know first brought you into *Gustus*'s service, I lin'd your guts there, and you use me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

CRAP. Dost thou talk (tiff, toff) hence, hence tiff, tiff, hence avaunt curre, avaunt you dog!

Exit Crapula.

AP.

APP. The belching gor-belly hath wel-nigh kil'd me: I am ſhut out of doors finely; well this is my comfort, I may walk now in liberty at my own pleaſure.

MEND. *Appetitus, Appetitus!*

AP. Ah *Mendacio, Mendacio.*

MEND. Why how now man, how now? how iſt? canſt not ſpeak?

AP. Faith I am like a bag-pipe, that never ſounds but when the belly is full.

MEND. Thou empty, and comeſt from a feaſt?

AP. From a fray, I tell thee *Mendacio.* I am now juſt like the Ewe that gave ſuck to a Wolfs whelp. I have nurſt up my fellow *Crapula* ſo long that he's grown ſtrong enough to beat me.

MEND. And whether wilt thou goe, now thou art baniſht out of ſervice?

AP. Faith Ile travel to ſome Colledge or other in an Univerſity.

MEND. Why ſo?

AP. Becauſe *Appetitus* is well beloved amongſt Schollars, for there I can dine and ſup with them, and riſe again as good friends as we ſat down, Ile thither queſtionleſs.

MEND. Hear'ſt thou? give me thy hand, by this hand I love thee; goe to then, thou ſhalt not forſake thy maſters thus, I ſay thou ſhalt not.

AP. Alas I am very loth; but how ſhall I help it?

MEND. Why take this bottle of wine, come on; go

goe thy wales to them again.

Ap. Ha,ha,ha,what good will this doe?

Mend. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the Gods: do but let the Senſes taſte of it,and feare not,they'l love thee as well as ever they did.

Ap. I pray thee where hadſt it?

Mend. My Lady gave it me to bring her: *Mercury* ſtole it from *Hell* for her: thou knoweſt there were ſome jarres betwixt her and thy maſters, and with this drink ſhe would gladly waſh out all the reliques of their agreement: Now becauſe I love thee,thou ſhalt have the grace of preſenting it to them,and ſo come in favour again.

Ap. It ſmels well,I would fain begin to them.

Mend. Nay ſtay no longer leſt they have ſupt before thou come.

Ap. *Mendacio*, how ſhall I requite thy infinite curteſie?

Mend. Nay,pray thee leave,go catch occaſion by the foretop; but hearſt thou? as ſoon as it is preſented,round my Lady *Lingua* in the eare,and tell her of it.

Ap. I will,I will,I will; adue, adue,adue,

Exit Appetitus.

Act. 5. Sen.3.

Mendacio *ſolus.*

Mend. Why this is better then I could have wiſht (ſir,

Fortune

Fortune I think is falne in love with me,
Anſwering ſo right mine expectation:
By this time *Appetite* is at the Table.
And with a lowly Cringe preſents the Wine
To his old Maſter *Guſtus*; now he takes it,
And drinks perchance to *Lingua*, ſhe craftily
Kiſſes the Cup, but lets not down a drop,
And gives it to the reſt; 'tis ſweet, the'l ſwallow it,
But when 'tis once deſcended to the ſtomack,
And ſends up noiſome vapours to the Brain,
'Twill make them ſwagger gallantly, the'le rage
Moſt ſtrangely, or *Acraſias* Art deceives her:
When if my Lady ſtir her nimble tongue, (them,
And cloſely ſow contentious words amongſt
O what a ſtabbing there will be? what bleeding?

ACTUS 5. SCENA 4.

LINGUA, MENDACIO.

LING. What art thou there *Mendacio*? pretty raſcal, Come let me kiſſe thee for thy good deſerts.

MEN. Madam do'ſt take? have they all taſted it?

LIN. All, all and all are well nigh mad already: Oh how they ſtare, and ſwear, and fume, & brawl! Wrath gives them weapons; Pots & Candle-ſticks, Join'd ſtools and Trenchers flie about the room, Like to the bloudy banquet of the *Centaures*: But all the ſport is to ſee what ſeveral thoughts

The

The potions work in their imaginations.
For *Viſus* thinks himſelf; a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ACTUS. 3. SCENA. 5.

APPETITUS, MENDACIO, LINGUA.

AP. So-ho *Mendacio!* ſo-ho, ſo-ho!

MEN. Madam, I doubt they come, yonder is *Appetitus*, you had beſt be gone, leaſt in their outrage they ſhould injure you. (*Exit Lingua*) How now *Hunger?* how doſt thou my fine May-pole, ha?

AP. I may well be call'd a May-pole; for the Senſes do nothing but dance a morice about me.

MEN. Why? what ails them? are they not (as I promiſed thee) friends with thee?

AP. Friends with me? nay rather frenzy; I never knew them in ſuch a caſe in all my life.

MEN. Sure they drank too much, and are mad for love of thee.

AP. They want common Senſe amongſt them; there's ſuch a hurly burly, *Auditus* is ſtark deaf, and wonders why men ſpeak ſo ſoftly that he cannot hear them: *Viſus* hath drunk himſelfe ſtark blind, and therefore imagineth himſelf to be *Polyphemus*: *Tactus* is raging mad, and cannot be otherwiſe perſwaded but he is *Hercules furens*; there's ſuch conceits amongſt them.

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 6.

VISUS. APPETITUS. MENDACIO.

VIS. O that I could but find the villain *Outis*, *Outis* the villain that thus blinded me.

MEN. Who is this, *Visus*?

AP. I, I, I, otherwise called *Polypheme*.

VIS. By heavens bright Sun, the days most glorious eye,
That lightneth all the world but *Polypheme*,
And by mine eye that once was answerable
Unto that Sun, but now's extinguished.

MEN. He can see to swear methinks.

VIS. If I but once lay hands upon the slave,
That thus hath rob'd me of my dearest Jewel,
Ile rend the Miscreant into a thousand pieces,
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth,
Drinking his live-warm blood to satisfie
The boyling thirst of pain and furiousnesse,
That thus exasperates great *Polypheme*.

MEN. 'Pray thee *Appetitus* see how he grasps for that he would be loth to find.

AP. What's that, a stumbling-block?

VIS. These hands that whilom tore up sturdy Oaks,
And rent the rock that dasht out *Acis* brains,
Both in the stole-blisse of my *Galatea*,
Serve now (oh misery) to no better use,

But

But for bad guides to my unskilful feet,
Never accustomed thus to be directed.

Men. As I am a Rogue he wants nothing but a wheel, to make him the true picture of Fortune; how sayst? what, shall we play at blind-man-buffe with him?

Ap. I if thou wilt, but first Ile try whether he can see! (woods,

Vis. Find me out *Outis*, search the rocks and The hills and dales, and all the Coasts adjoyning, That I may have him, and revenge my wrong.

Ap. *Visus*, me thinks your eyes are well enough.

Vis. What's he that calls me *Visus*? dost not know? (*They run about him, playing with him, and abusing him.*)

Ap. To him *Mendacio*, to him, to him.

Men. There, there *Appetitus*, he comes, he comes; ware, ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Visus *stumbles, falls down, and sits still.*)

Act. 5. *Scena* 7.

Mendacio, Appetitus, Tactus, *with a great black Jack in his hand.*

Men Is this he that thinks himself *Hercules*?

Ap. I, wilt see me out-swagger him?

Men. I do, do, I love not to sport with such mad play-fellows; tickle him *Appetitus*, tickle him, tickle him. *Exit* Mendacio.

Tac.

TAC. Have I not here the great and puiſſant (Club,
Wherewith I conquered three-chopt *Cerberus?*
AP. Have I not here the ſharp and warlike teeth,
That at one break-faſt quaild thrice three hoggs (faces?
TAC. And are not theſe *Alcides* brawny arms,
That rent the Lions jaws, and kill'd the boar?
AP. And is not this the Stomack that defeated
Nine yards of pudding, and a ranke of pyes?
TAC. Did not I crop the ſeaven-fold *Hydras* creſt
And with a river clenſed *Augeas* ſtable?
AP. Did not I cruſh a ſeven-fold Cuſtards cruſt,
And with my tongue ſwept a well furniſh'd table?
TAC. Did not theſe feet and hands oretake and (ſlay
The nimble Stag, and fierce impetuous bull?
AP. Did not this throat at one good meal de- (vour,
That Stags ſweet veniſon, and ſtrong bulls beef?
TAC. Shall *Hercules* be thus diſparaged?
Juno! you pouting quean, you lowring trull,
Take heed I take you not, for by *Joves* thunder
Ile be reveng'd. (Appetitus *draws* Viſus *backward from* Tactus.
AP. Why *Viſus, Viſus*, will you be kill'd? away, away. *Exit* Viſus.
TAC. Who have you here? ſee, ſee the Giant (*Cacus*,
Draws an Oxe backward to his theeviſh den,

Hath this devise so long deluded me?
Monster of men, *Cacus*, restore my cattel,
Or instantly Ile crush thy idle Cox-comb,
And dash thy doltish brains against thy Cave.

AP. *Cacus*, I *Cacus*? ha, ha, ha. *Tactus*, you mistake me. I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.

TAC. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art so; run quickly villain, Fetch a whole Oxe to satisfie my stomack.

AP. Fetch an Asse to keep you company.

TAC. Then down to hell, tell *Pluto* Prince of (Divels
That great *Alcides* wants a kitchen wench
To turn his spit; command him from my self
To send up *Proserpine*, she'l serve the turn.

AP. I must finde you meat, and the Divel finde you Cooks. Which is the next way? (misse it;

TAC. Follow the beaten path thou canst not
'Tis a wide Causie that conducteth thither,
An easie tract, and down hill all the way;
But if the black Prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow,
Tell him Ile drag him from his iron-chair,
By the steel tresses, and then sow him fast
With the three furies in a lethern bag,
Thus will drown them in the Ocean.

(*He pours the Jack of beer upon* Appetitus.)

AP. You had better keep him alive to light Tobacco-pipes, or to sweep chimneys.

TAC. Art thou not gone? nay then Ile send thy soul before thee, 'twill do thy message sooner (tiff, tiff.)

AP.

AP. *Hercules, Hercules, Hercules*; do not you hear *Omphale*? Heark how she calls you, heark.

TAC. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sogred voice;
Omphale, dear Commandresse of my life
My thoughts repose, sweet Center of my cares
Where all my hopes and best desires take rest.
Lo where the mighty Son of *Jupiter*
Throws himself captive at your conquering feet;
Do not disdain my voluntary humblenesse,
Accept my service, blesse me with commanding,
I will perform the hardest imposition,
And run through twelve new labours for thy sake
Omphale, dear commandresse of my life.

AP. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her? Look how she holds her distaff, look you?

TAC. Where is she gone; that I may follow her? *Omphale*, stay, stay, take thy *Hercules*!

AP. There, there man, you are right. *Exit* Tactus.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 8.

APPETITUS, *Solus*.

AP. What a strange temper are the Senses in?
How come their wits thus topsie turvy turn'd?
Hercules, Tactus, Vosus, Polyphrme,
Two goodly surnames have they purchased:
By the rare Ambrosian of an Oyster pie;
They have got such proud imaginations,

That I could wish I were mad for company;
But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
Ile rest contented with this wise estate.

Act. 5. Scen. 9.

Appetitus, Auditus, *with a Candlestick.*

Ap. What, more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too?

Aud. Take this abuse at base *Olfactus* hands!
What did he challenge me to meet me here
And is not come? well Ile proclaim the slave
The vilest dastard that ere broke his word;
But stay, yonder's *Appetitus.*

Ap. I pray you *Auditus* what ails you?

Aud. Ha, ha!

Ap. What ails you?

Aud. Ha! what sayst thou?

Ap. Who hath abused you thus?

Aud. Why dost thou whisper thus? Canst not speak out?

Ap. Save me, I had clean forgotten; why are you so angry *Auditus?*

Aud. Bite us, who dares bite us?

Ap. I talke of no biting, I say, what's the matter between *Olfactus* and you?

Aud. Will *Olfactus* bite me? do if he dares, would he would meet me here according to his promise: Mine ears are somewhat thick of late, I pray thee speak out louder.

Ap.

Ap. Ha,ha,ha,ha,this is fine in faith; ha,ha,ha. Hear you, have you loſt your ears at Supper.

Aud. Excellent chear at ſupper, I confeſſe it: But when 'tis ſawc'd with ſowre contentions, And breeds ſuch quarrels 'tis intolerable.

Ap. Piſh, piſh, this is my queſtion. Hath your ſupper ſpoil'd your hearing?

Aud. Hearing at ſupper, tel not me of hearing: But if thou ſaweſt *Olfactus*, bring me to him.

Ap. I ask you whether you have loſt your hearing?

Aud. O, doſt hear them ring? what a grief is (this
Thus to be deaf, and loſe ſuch harmony?
Wretched *Auditus* now ſhalt thou never hear
The pleaſing changes that a well tuned Cord
Of trowling bells will make, when they are rung.

Ap. Here's a do indeed, I think he is mad, as well as drunk or deaf.

Aud. Ha, what's that?

Ap. I ſay, you have made me hoarſe with ſpeaking ſo loud.

Aud. Ha, what ſayſt thou of a creaking Croud?

Ap. I am hoarſe I tell you, and my head akes.

Aud. Oh, I underſtand thee, the firſt croud was (made of a horſe-head.
'Tis true, the finding of a dead horſe-head,
Was the firſt invention of ſtring inſtruments,
Whence roſe the Gittern, Vial, and the Lute:
Though other think the Lute was firſt devis'd
In imitation of a Torteſſe back,

Whose sinews parched by Apollo's beames,
Ecchoed about the concave of the shell;
And seeing the shortest and smallest gave shrillest (sound;
They found out frets whose sweet diversity
(Well couched by the skill-full learned fingers)
Raiseth so strange a multitude of Cords:
Which their opinion many do confirme,
Because *Testudo* signifies a Lute.
But if I by no means.——

AP. Nay if you begin to criticke once, we shall never have done. *Exit Appetitus* and carries away *Auditus* perforce.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 10.

CRAPULA *a fat bellied slave, cloathed in a light vail of Sarsnet, a Garland of vine-leaves on his head, &c.* SOMNUS *in a mantle of black Cob-web-lawne, down to the foot over a dusky coloured taffata Coat, and a Crowne of poppy tops on his head, a company of dark coloured silk scarfs in one hand, a Mace of Poppy in the other, leaning his head upon a pillow on* Crapula's *shoulders.*

CRA. *Somnus*, good *Somnus*, sweet *Somnus*, come (a pace!

SOM. Hei-oh, oh, are you sure they be so? oho, ho, oho, hei, waw?
What good can I do? ou, hoh, hawe.

CRA.

Cr. Why I tell you unleſſe you help (Somnus *falls down and ſleeps.*)
Soft ſon of night, right heir to Quietneſſe,
Labours repoſe, lifes beſt reſtorative,
Digeſtions careful Nurſe, blouds Comforter,
Wits help, thoughts charm, the ſtay of *Microcoſme*,
Sweet *Somnus* chiefeſt enemy to Care:
My deareſt friend, lift up thy lumpiſh heap,
Ope thy dull eyes, ſhake of this drowſineſs;
Rowſe up thy ſelf.

Somnus. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh oh howe, whoſe there?
Crapula ſpeak quickly, what's the matter?

Cr. As I told you, the noble Senſes peers of
Will eft-ſoon fall to ruin perpetual, (*Microcoſme*,
Unleſſe your ready helping hand recure them:
Lately they banqueted at *Guſtus* table,
And there fel mad, or drunk, I know not whether,
So that it's doubtful in theſe outragious fits,
That the'le murther one another.

Som. Fear it not if they have ſcapt already,
Bring me to them, or them to me,
Ile quickly make them know the power
Of my large ſtretcht authoritie.
Theſe cords of ſleep wherewith I wont to bind,
The ſtrongeſt armes that ere reſiſted me,
Shall be the means, whereby I will correct,
The Senſes outrage, and diſtemperature.

Cr. Thanks gentle *Somnus*, Ile go ſeek them out,
And bring them to you ſoon as poſſible.

SOM. Dispatch it quickly, lest I fall a sleep for want of work. (yonder.

CR. Stand still, stand still? *Visus* I think comes
If you think good, begin and bind him first:
For he made fast, the rest will soon be quiet.
Exit Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 11.

VISUS, SOMNUS.

VIS. Sage *Telemus*, I now too late admire,
Thy deep fore-sight and skill in Prophecie;
Who whilome toldst me, that in time to come
Ulysses should deprive me of my sight.
And now the slave that marcht in *Outis* name,
Is prov'd *Ulysses*; and by this device,
Hath scapt my hands, and fled away by Sea,
Leaving me desolate in eternal night.
Ah wretched *Polyphemе*, where's all thy hope,
And longing for thy beauteous *Galatea*?
She scornd thee once, but now she will detest,
And loath to look upon thy darkned face:
Aye me most miserable *Polyphemus*.
But as for *Ulisses*, heaven and earth
Send vengeance ever on thy damned head
In just revenge of my great injury.
Somnus binds him.
Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come?
Come all ye *Cyclop's* help to rescue me.
Somnus charmes him, he sleeps.
SOM.

SOM. There reſt thy ſelf, and and let thy quiet ſleep, Reſtore thy imaginations.

ACT. 5. *SCEN.* 12.

LINGUA, SOMNUS, VISUS.

(with this ſport.

LIN. Ha, ha, ha: oh how my ſpleen is tickled
The madding *Senſes* make about the woods,
It cheers my ſoul and makes my body fat,
To laugh at their miſchances, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Heigh ho, the ſtitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
Would I had one to hold my ſides a while,
That I might laugh a freſh: oh how they run,
And chafe, and ſwear, and threaten one another!
Somnus binds her.
Ay me, out alas, ay me help, help, who's this that
(binds me?
Help *Mendacio*, *Mendacio* help, here's one will
(raviſh me.

SOM. *Lingua* content your ſelfe you muſt be
(bound.

LING. What a ſpight's this? are my nailes par'd ſo neer? Can I not ſcratch his eyes out? What have I done? what? do you mean to kill me? murder, murder murder, (*ſhe falls aſleep.*)

ACTUS. 5. SCEN. 13.

GUSTUS *with a voiding knife in his hand,* SOMNUS, LINGUA, VISUS.

GUST. Who cries out murder! What a woman
My Lady *Lingua* dead? oh Heavens in'just (slain?
Can you behold this fact, this bloudy fact!
And shower not fire upon the murderer?
Ah peerless *Lingua* mistress of heavenly words,
Sweet tongue of eloquence, the Ille of fame,
Heart's dear enchantress: what disaster fates
Have reft this Jewel from our Common wealth!
Gustus the rubie that adornes thy ringe,
Loe here defect, how shalt thou lead thy daies,
Wanting the sweet Companion of thy life?
But in dark sorrow and dull melancholie.
But stay, whose this? inhumane wretch.
Bloud-thirsty miscreant, is this thy handy work?
To kill a woman, a harmelesse Ladie?
Villain prepare thy self, draw, or Ile sheath my
faucheon in thy sides.
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

Gustus offers to run at Somnus, but being suddainly charmed fall's asleep.

SOM. Heer's such a stir I never knew the Senses in such disorder.

LING. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio, Mendacio?* See how *Visus* hath broke his fore-head against the oak yonder, ha, ha. ha, ha. SOM.

Som. How now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficiently? I have more trouble to make one woman sleep, then all the world besides, they be so full of tattle.

Actus 5. Scena 14.

Somnus, Crapula, (Lingua, Visus, Gustus,) Auditus, *pulling* Olfactus *by the nose, and* Olfactus *wringing* Auditus *by the ears.*

Aud. Oh mine ears, mine ears, mine ears.
Olf. Oh my nose, my nose, my nose.
Crap. Leave, leave at length these base contentions, *Olfactus* let him go?
Olf. Let him first loose my nose.
Crap. Good *Auditus* give over.
Avd. Ile have his life that sought to kill me.
Som. Come, come, Ile end this quarrel, bind him *Crapula.* *They bind them both.*

Act. 5. Sen. 15.

Tactus *with a robe in his hand,* Somnus, Crapula, Lingua, Gustus, Olfactus, Visus, Auditus.

Tac. Thanks *Deianira* for thy kind remembrance,
Tis a fair shirt, Ile weare it for thy sake.
Crap. *Somnus* here's *Tactus* worse then all his fellows,

Stay

Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage.

Som. What will he doe? see that he scape us not.

Tact. Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well,
Tis very warm indeed, but what's the matter?
Me thinks I am somwhat hotter then I was,
My heart beats faster then 'twas wont to do.
My brains enflames, my temples ake extreamly, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creeps among my bowels:
Ætna's within my breast, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones; oh my sides:
My sides, my raines, my head, my vains, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liver, my liver, oh,
I burn, I burn, I burn, oh how I burn,
With scorching heat of implacable fire,
I burn extream with flames insufferable.

Som. Sure he doth but try how to act *Hercules*.

Tact. Is it this shirt that boyls me thus? oh heavens
It fires me worse, and heats more furiously
Then *Joves* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse pain that bathe in *Phlegeton*.
Could not the tripple kingdom of the world,
Heaven, earth, and hell destroy great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Juno*,
Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty son of *Jupiter*?
And shall this poysond linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? villains fly up to Heaven,

Bid

Bid *Iris* muſter up a troop of clouds,
And ſhowre down catarracts of rain to cool me,
Or elſe Ile break her ſpeckled bow in pieces:
Will ſhe not? no, ſhe hates me like her Miſtreſſe:
Why then diſcend you rogues to the vile deep,
Fetch *Neptune* hither, charge him bring the Sea
To quench theſe flames, or elſe the worlds fair frame
Wil be in greater danger to be burnt,
Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Suns rich Chariot.

Som. Ile take that care, the world ſhall not be burnt:
If *Somnus* cords can hold you. (Somnus *binds him.*

Tact. What Vulcan's this that offers to inchain
A greater ſouldier then the god of *Mars?*

Som. He that each night with bloudleſſe battail conquers
The proudeſt conqueror that triumphs by wars.

Cra. Now *Somnus*, there's but only one remaining that was the Author of theſe outrages.

Som. Who's that? is he under my command?

Cra. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*; If you go that way, and look about thoſe thickets, Ile go hither and ſearch this grove, I doubt not but to find him.

Som. Content.

Exit Somnus & Crapula.

Act.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 16.

Appetitus, Irrascibilis, *with a willow in his hand pulld up by the roots.* Somnus, Crapula. *The Senses all asleep.*

AP. So now's the time that I would gladly meet
These madding *Senses* that abus'd me thus;
What? haunt me like an owle? make an Asse of me?
No they shall know I scorn to serve such masters
As cannot master their affections,
Their injuries have changed my nature,
Now Ile be no more called hungry parasite;
But henceforth answer to the wrathful name
Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's up;
Zephirus cool me quickly with thy fan,
Or else Ile cut thy cheeks; why this is brave,
Far better then to faun at *Gustus* table
For a few scraps; no, no such words as these,
By *Pluto* stab the villain, kill the slave;
By the infernal hags Ile hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascal that abus'd me thus,
Such words as these fit angry *Appetite*.

Enter CRAPULA.

CR. *Somnus, Somnus*, come hither, come hither quickly, he's here, he's here.

AP. I marry is he sirra, what of that? base miscreant *Crapula*,

CRA. O gentle *Appetitus*.

AP.

Ap. You muddy gulche, darſt look me in the face while mine eyes ſparkle with revengeful fire? (tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)

Cra. Good *Appetitus.*

Ap. Peace you fat bawſon, peace, (tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)
Seeſt not this fatal engine of my wrath?
Villain, Ile maul thee for thine old offences,
And grind thy bones to powder with this peſtle:
You when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beat me out of doors; but now prepare,
Make thy ſelf ready, for thou ſhalt not eſcape.
Thus doth the great revengeful *Appetite*,
Upon his fat foe, wreak his wrathful ſpite.

Appetitus heaveth up his club to brain Crapula, but Somnus in the mean time, catcheth him behind and bindes him.

Som. Why how now *Crapula?*

Cra. Am I not dead? Is not my ſoul departed?

Som. No, no, ſee where he lies, that would have hurt thee? fear nothing?

Somnus laies the Senſes all in a circle, feet to feet, and wafts his wand over them.

So reſt you all in ſilent quietneſs,
Let nothing wake you till the power of ſleep,
With his ſweet dew, cooling your brains inflam'd
Hath rectified the vain and idle thoughts,
Bred by your ſurfeit, and diſtemperature:
Loe here the Senſes late outragious,
All in a round together ſleep like friends,

For

For ther's no difference twixt the King and (Clown,
The poor and rich, the beauteous and deformed,
Wrapt in the vail of night, and bonds of sleep,
Without whose power and sweet dominion,
Our life were Hell, and pleasure painfulness,
The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
Avarice talons, and the fire of hate:
Would poison, wound, distract, and soon consume,
The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man;
The sturdy Mower, that with brawny armes
Wieldeth the crooked sith, in many a swath,
Cutting the flowry pride on the velvet plain,
Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
Of his wives armes, forgets his labour past.
The painful Marriner, and careful Smith,
The toiling Plowman, all Artificers,
Most humbly yield to my dominion,
Without due rest nothing is durable.
Loe thus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
With his most awful wand, and half the year
Raigns over the best and proudest Emperours.
Onely the nurslings of the Sisters nine,
Rebels against me, scorn my great command:
And when dark night from her bedewy wings
Drops sleepy silence to the eyes of all,
They onely wake, and with unwearied toil,
Labour to find the *Via lactea*
That leads to the Heaven of immortality;
And by the lofty towring of their mind,

Fledged

Fledgd with the feathers of a learned muſe,
They raiſe themſelves unto the higheſt pitch,
Marrying baſe earth and heaven in a thought;
But thus I puniſh their rebellion,
Their induſtry was never yet rewarded,
Better to ſleep then wake and toyl for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 17.

The five Senſes, Lingua, Appetitus, *all aſleep, and dreaming*, Phantaſtes, Heureſis.

Aud. So ho Rocwood, ſo ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ, hay Chanter, Chanter, by *Actæons* hed-tyre it's a very deep mouth'd dog, a moſt admirable cry of hounds; look here again, again, there, there, there, ah ware counter.

Vis. Do you ſee the full Moon yonder, and not the man in it? why methinks 'tis too, too evident, I ſee his dog very plain, and look you, juſt under his tail is a Thorn-buſh of Furs.

Gus. 'Twill make a fine tooth-pick: that Larks heel there, O do not burn it.

Ph. Boy, *Heureſis*, what think'ſt thou I think when I think nothing?

Heu. And it pleaſe you Sir, I think you are deviſing how to anſwer a man that asks you nothing.

Ph. Well geſt boy, but yet thou miſtook'ſt it,

for I was thinking of the constancy of women. (*Appetitus snoars aloud.*) Beware sirra, take heed, I doubt me there's some wild Boar lodgeth hereabout; how now? methinks these be the Senses, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kist them.

TAC. Oh, oh, oh, I am stab'd, I am stab'd, hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

PH. How now? do they talk in the sleep? are they not awake *Heuresis?*

HEU. No questionlesse, they be all fast asleep.

GUS. Eat not too many of those Apples, they be very flative?

OLF. Foh, foh, beat out this Dog here, foh, was it you *Appetitus?*

AUD. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoever it was, the warble is very good, and the horn is excellent.

TAC. Put on man, put on, keep your head warm, 'tis cold.

PH. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ft, *Heuresis*, stir not sirra.

AP. Shut the door, the pot runs over; sirra Cook, that will be a sweet Pasty if you nibble the venison so?

GUS. Say you so, is a Marrow Pye the *Helena* of meats? give me't, if I play not *Paris* hang me; Boy, a clean Trencher?

AP. Serve up, serve up; this is a fat Rabbet, would I might have the maiden-head of it; come give me the fish there; who hath medled with these maids? ha?

OLF.

Olf. Fie, ſhut your Snuffers cloſer for ſhame, 'tis the worſt ſmell that can be.

Tac. O the cramp, the cramp, the cramp, my leg, my leg.

Ling. I muſt abroad preſently, reach me my beſt Necklace preſently.

Ph. Ah *Lingua*, are you there?

Aud. Here, take this Rope, and Ile help the leader cloſe with the ſecond Bell: Fie, fie, there is a goodly peal clean ſpoild.

Vis. Ile lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: well, well, I know it, mark but her noſe, do you not ſee the complection crack out, I muſt confeſſe 'tis a good picture.

Tac. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leave, you tickle me ſo, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands, I cannot endure, ah, you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

Vis. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird now --look about that buſh, ſhe truſt her thereabout, --here ſhe is, ware wing Cater, ware wing, avaunt.

Ling. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

Ph. ſt, firra take heed you wake her not.

Hau. I know Sir ſhe's faſt aſleep, for her mouth is ſhut.

Ling. This 'tis to venture upon ſuch uncertainties, to loſe ſo rich a Crown to no end, well, well.

Ph. Ha, ha, ha, we ſhall hear anon where ſhe loſt her maiden-head, ſt, boy, my Lord Vicegerent, and Maſter *Regiſter* are hard by, run quickly,

tell them of this accident, wish them come softly.

Exit Heuresis.

LING. *Mendacio*, never talk farther, I doubt 'tis past recovery, and my Robe likewise, I shall never have them again, well, well.

PH. How? her Crown, and her Robe, never recover them? hum, wast not said to be left by *Memory*? ha? I conjecture here's some knavery--fast lockt with sleep, in good faith. Was that Crown and Garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that some body hath felt, and shall feel more, if I live.

PHA. O strange; she answers in her sleep to my question; but how come the Senses to strive for it?

LING. Why, I laid upon purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the ears.

PHA. What a strange thing is this?

ACT. 5. SCEN. 18.

The Senses, Appetitus & Lingua *a sleep*. Phantastes, Communis Sensus, Memoria, Anamnestes.

PHA. St, my Lord, softly, softly, here's the notablest piece of treason discovered, how say you *Lingua* set all the Senses at odds, she hath confest it to me in her sleep.

CHR. S. Ist possible Master Register! did you ever know any talk in their sleep?

MEM.

Mem. I remember my Lord many have done ſo very oft, but women are troubled, eſpecially with this talking diſeaſe, many of them have I heard anſwer in their dreams, and tell what they did all day awake.

Anam. By the ſame token, there was a wanton maid, that being askt by her Mother, what ſuch a one did with her ſo late one night in ſuch a room, ſhe preſently ſaid, that---.

Mem. Peace you vild rake hell, is ſuch a jeſt fit for this company, no more I ſay ſirra.

Ph. My Lord will you believe your own ears, you ſhall hear her anſwer me, as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua*, what did you with the Crown and Garments.

Ling. Ile tell thee *Mendacio*.

Ph. She thinks *Mendacio* ſpeaks to her, mark now, mark how truly ſhe will anſwer: what ſay you Madam?

Ling. I ſay *Phantaſtes* is a fooliſh tranſparent gull: a meer fanatick nupſon in my imagination not worthy to ſit as a Judges aſſiſtant.

Com. S. Ha, ha, ha, how truly and directly ſhe anſwers.

Pha. Faw, faw, ſhe dreams now, ſhe knows not what ſhe ſaies, Ile trie her once again: Madame? what remedy can you have for your great loſſes?

Ling. O are you come *Acraſia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cuſhion ſit down good *Acraſia*: I am ſo beholding to you, your potion

wrought exceedingly, the ſenſes were ſo mad, did not you ſee how they raged about the woods?

Com. S. Hum, *Acraſia?* is *Acraſia* her confederate? my life that Witch hath wrought ſome villany, ———

Lingua *riſeth in her ſleep, and walketh.* How's this? is ſhe a ſleep? have you ſeen one walk thus before?

Mem. It is a very common thing, I have ſeen many ſick of a Peripatetick diſeaſe.

Ana. By the ſame token my Lord, I knew one that went abroad in his ſleep, bent his bow, ſhot at a Magpie, kild her, fetcht his arrow, came home, lockt the dores, and went to bed again.

Com. S. What ſhould be the reaſon of it?

Mem I remember *Scalliger* told me the reaſon once; as I think thus: The nerves that carrie the moving faculty, from the brains, to the thighs, legs, feet, and armes, are wider far then the other nerves; wherefore they are not ſo eaſily ſtopt with the vapours of ſleep, but are night and day ready to perform what fancy ſhall command them.

Com. S. It may be ſo, but *Phantaſtes* enquire more of *Acraſia.*

Pha. What did you with with the potion *Acraſia* made you.

Lin. Gave it to the Senſes, and made them as mad as——well, if I cannot recover it —— let it go, Ile not leave them thus.

She

She lies down again.

Com.S. Boy awake the Senſes there.

An. Hoe, hoe, *Auditus*, up, up, ſo hoe, *Olfactus* have at your noſe, up *Viſus*, *Guſtus*, *Tactus*, up: What can you not feel a pinch? have at you with a pin.

Tac. Oh, you ſtab me, oh.

Com. *S. Tactus*, know you how you came hither?

Tac. No my Lord, not I; this I remember,
We ſup't with *Guſtus*, and had wine good ſtore,
Whereof I think I taſted liberally.
Among the reſt, we drunk a compoſition,
Of a moſt dellicate, and pleaſant reliſh,
That made our brains, ſomewhat irregular.

Actus. 4. Scena. 7.

The Senſes awake, Lingua, *a ſleep*, Communis Senſus, Memory, Anamneſtes, Heureſis *drawing* Crapula.

Heu. My Lord, here's a fat raſcal was lurking in a buſh very ſuſpitiouſly, his name he ſaies is *Crapula*.

Com. S. Sirrah, ſpeak quickly what you know of theſe troubles.

Cra. Nothing my Lord, but that the Senſes were mad, and that *Somnus* at my requeſt laid them a ſleep, in hope to recover them.

Com: S. Why then tis too evident, *Acrasia* at *Lingua*'s request, bewitcht the Senses, wake her quickly *Heuresis*.

Lin. Heigh ho, out alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

Com. S. *Lingua* look not so strangely upon the matter, you have confest in your sleep, that with a Crown, and a Robe, you have disturb'd the Senses, using a crafty help to enrage them, can you deny it?

Lin. Aye mee, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lordship forgive me.

Com. *S.* No, no, tis a fault unpardonable. (*He consults with Memory.*)

Phan. In my conceit *Lingua*, you should seal up your lips, when you go to bed, these Feminine tongues be so glib.

Com. *S. Visus*, *Tactus*, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you, we confirm as irrevocable, and establish the Crown to you *Visus*, and the Robe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua* ———

Lin. Let me have mine own, howsoever you determine, I beseech you.

Com: *S.* That may not be, your goods are fallen into our hands, my sentence cannot be recall'd, you may see, those that seek what is not theirs, oftentimes loose what's their own: Therefore *Lingua* granting you your life, I commit you to close Prison, in *Gustus* his house, and charge you

you *Gustus*, to keep her under the custody of two strong dores, and every day till she come to 80. years of age, see she be well guarded with 30. tall watchmen, without whose license she shall by no means wag abroad; nevertheless use her Lady-like, according to her estate.

PHAN. I pray you my Lord ad this to the judgement, that whensoever she obtaineth license to walk abroad, in token the Tongue was the cause of her offence, let her wear a velvet hood, made just in the fashion of a great Tongue, in my conceit 'tis a very pritty Embleme of a Woman.

TAC. My Lord, she hath a vild boy to her Page, a chief agent in this Treason, his name's *Mendacio*.

CON. *S.* Ha? well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time, let him be soundly whipt, and ever after though he shall strengthen his speeches with the sinews of Truth, yet none shall believe him.

PHA. In my imagination my Lord, the Day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it growes dark, by which I conjecture it will be cold; and therefore in my fancy, and opinion, 'tis best to repair to our Lodgings.

Exeunt omnes, præter
Anamnestes & Appetitus.

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 20.

Anamneſtes., Appetitus *a ſleep in a corner.*

ANA. What's this? a fellow whiſpering ſo cloſely with the Earth? ſo ho, ſo ho: *Appetitus*? faith now I think *Morpheus* himſelf hath been here, up with a pox to you, up you luske, I have ſuch news to tell thee ſirra: all the Senſes are well, and *Lingua* is proved guilty, up, up, up, I never knew him ſo faſt a ſleep in my life.

(*Appetitus ſnorts.*)

Nay then have at you a freſh, (tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)

APP. Jog me once again, and Ile throw this whole meſſe of pottage in your face, cannot one ſtand quiet at the dreſſer for you?

ANA. Ha, ha, I think it's impoſſible for him to ſleep longer then he dreams of his victuals. What *Appetitus*, up quickly, quickly up, *Appetitus*, quickly ſirra, (toff, toff, toff, toff.)

APP. Ile come preſently, but I hope youle ſtay till they be roaſted, will you eat them raw?

ANA. Roaſted? ha, ha, ha, ha, up, up, away.

APP, Reach the ſauce quickly, here's no Sugar, whaw, wam, oh, oh, ou, oh.

ANA. What never wake? (Tiff, toff, tiff, toff,) wilt never be? Then I muſt trie another way I ſee.

Epilo.

Epilogus.

JVdicious Friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite:
Then since the cloase upon his rising stands,
Let me obtain this at your courteous hands,
Trie if the friendly opportunity,
Of your good will and gracious Plauditie,
With the thrice welcome murmure it shal keep
Can beg this prisoner from the bands of sleep.

Upon the Plaudite *Appetitus* awakes, and runs in after *Anamnestes*

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A Book of scheams or figures of heaven ready set for every four minuits of times, and very useful for all Astrologers.

Florus Anglicus, or an exact History of *England*, from the reign of *William* the Conqueror, to the death of the late King.

Lingua, or the combat of the Tongue and the five Senses for superiority: a serious Comedy.

The Spirits Touchstone; being a clear discovery how a man may certainly know whether he be truly taught by the spirit of God or not.

The Poor mans Physitian and Chirurgeon.

Duodecem.

DOctor *Smith*'s practice of Physick.

The Grammer War.

Poselim

Poſelius Apothegmes.
Faciculus Florum.
Craſhaw's Viſions.
Helvicus Colloquies.
The Chriſtian Souldier his combat with the three arch enemies of mankind, the world, the fleſh, and the divel.

In 24.
THe New Teſtament.
The third part of the Bible.

Plaies.
THe Ball.
Chawbut.
Martyr'd Souldier.

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